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THE ARAB STORY-TELLER.

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THE POISON OF ASPS:

A NOVELETTE

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT (MRS. ROSS CHURCH).

"The poison of asps is under their lips."

"A lie that is all a lie may be met with and fought outright,
But a lie that is part a truth is a harder matter to fight."

TENNYSON.

CHAPTER I.

IT was an inclement evening in September—dark, damp, and dispiriting; and the red lamps of the eight-o'clock down-train from London were scarcely discernible through the fog, as the engine, snorting like an overdriven animal, rushed into the country station of Fairmead, and drew up its line of carriages beside the paved uncovered platform, which glistened with the fast-descending rain.

There were only four passengers for Fairmead—a lady, slight and graceful, even beneath the heavy wraps by which she was enveloped, who bore a child upon her arm, and was closely followed by a Bengal native carrying another; and, as the little party found themselves left upon the wet and lonely platform, she (the mistress) seemed to peer vaguely and fearfully into the surrounding darkness, as though uncertain what to do next.

"Your tickets, if you please," sharply demanded the voice of the ticket-collector, who seemed to think each extra moment in the rain an extra grievance.

The lady started, thrust the tickets into his hand, and, with her attendant, was about to pass the station-gate, when she stopped, looked around her once or twice, and then, returning, addressed the collector in a low and agitated voice:

"Where shall we find a fly?"

The eight-o'clock down-train was well on its way to the next station by this time; and the railway officials, finding that the newcomers had brought no baggage with them, had sauntered back to warmth and shelter. Inside the wicket the flickering lamps but served to reveal the swimming condition of the platform; outside all was mud and water and obscurity. Nothing could have appeared more desolate and melancholy—nothing felt more cold and miserable.

"A fly, ma'am?" replied the ticket-taker. "Why, you won't find Fairmead flies standing out in such weather as this. They're all fast locked up in their coach-houses, I'll be bound. You won't see a fly here to-night."

"But what are we to do?" demanded the lady, in a voice of perplexity, as she turned her head toward the native servant at her heels. "Look at these little children! It is impossible we can walk; besides, the distance is too great."

"Where may you be bound to, ma'am?" said the collector.

"To Ash Grove—to Mrs. Beale's," returned the stranger, in a subdued voice.

"Oh—to Ash Grove," responded her colloquist. "Then you *must* have a carriage. Why, that's better than three miles away. Your plan, ma'am, will be to take the children into the waiting-room; and I'll send some one to turn a fly out of 'The George' for you. They'll have one round in half an hour."

"Half an hour to wait!" said the lady, turning, with a sigh, to her servant; and then, as though correcting herself, she spoke some words to him in Hindoostani, to which he briefly answered.

"Arry!" shouted the ticket-collector to an invisible familiar, "run round to 'The George,' will yer, and tell them to turn out a one-orso as soon as they can, to take a party of four up to Ash Grove. Don't lose no time—the lady's in a hurry;" and then, turning to the lady herself, he desired her to follow him, and led her to the first-class waiting-room.

It was a small, bare, uncomfortable-looking apartment, though it served well enough for the requirements of Fairmead.

"I'm sorry there ain't no fire," said the official, politely, as he ushered the shivering party into it; "but it isn't often as we have any passengers by this train, and, when we do, they mostly goes on at once. You didn't think, now, of asking the ladies at Ash Grove to bespeak a fly for you, I suppose, ma'am?"

"No!" was the nervous, half-hesitating answer. "In fact, Mrs. Beale doesn't expect—my coming is rather—I—" But at this juncture

the native began to busy himself with the wraps of the little girl she carried in her arms, and the lady's speech was interrupted.

"Well," remarked the collector, as he prepared to leave them, "I hope the fly won't be long; half an hour, to the farthest, should see it here. Shall I take your servant to the other waiting-room, ma'am, or is it your wish that he remains here?"

"Oh, yes!—yes! Let him remain, please; the children require him," said the lady, hurriedly; and then the door closed, and they were alone.

"I am sure I don't require him," exclaimed a pipy little voice from over the mother's shoulder. "I don't like 'Do Mun,' mamma, and I wish he had never come with us."

"Hush—hush, Tiny," said the lady, warningly, as she caressed the small pale face which peered into hers. "Tiny mustn't say that. 'Do Mun' is very kind to mamma's little children."

The child's remark did not appear to have pleased the native himself, for he frowned visibly as it left her lips, and unceremoniously placed the little boy whom he held upon the floor.

"Take me up!—take me up!" urged the fretful baby-voice. "I am cold; I want to be carried. Take me up again!" But the request remained unheeded.

"There, now!" exclaimed sharp Miss Tiny; "is 'Do Mun' kind, mamma? Look at the ugly faces he is making; and he leaves poor Mopsy all in the cold upon the floor. I hate 'Do Mun.'"

At this frank and emphatic announcement the Indian's face grew darker and more sullen, and the mother seemed really annoyed.

"I will not have you speak so, Tiny," she uttered, sharply. "You are very naughty, and very ungrateful; and, if mamma ever hears you say such a thing again, she will punish you." And then the lady placed her little girl upon a seat, and, crossing the room, addressed some words of remonstrance to her servant. Still his face did not appear to clear up, and the plaintive cry of the younger child upon the floor continued to make itself heard.

"Take me up, 'Do Mun'; Mopsy wants to be took up."

"Mamma will carry Mopsy," said the lady, with a sigh, as she lifted the boy in her arms, and pressed him fondly to her bosom. "Mamma will sing a pretty song, and Mopsy shall go to sleep;" and, with the heavy burden weighing down her weary frame, she commenced to pace the waiting-room, singing as she went.

"I can't go to sleep," urged the child. "I'm hungry; I want my tea." Nevertheless, his eyes had soon closed in slumber, while his mother sang on with the tears upon her cheek.

Meanwhile the dark figure remained immovable in one corner of the room, and the little girl was sulking where she had been left; and the only sound to be distinguished was the pattering of the rain against the window-pane, and the broken music of the lady's lullaby.

"Oh! what a dreary coming home!" she exclaimed at last, as though unable to keep silence any longer, even though her listeners were but children and a servant. "What a dismal, dreary welcome to Old England!—and this is the moment I have so longed and prayed for!"

"Don't cry, mamma!" whimpered Tiny, from her stool of penitence, "or you'll make me cry, too;" and at that threat the lady drew her hand across her eyes, and tried to speak more cheerfully.

"But I have so often dreamed of it," she continued, vaguely, and addressing no one in particular—"so often pictured to myself the moment when I should see again my dear mother and sister; and it was so different, so widely different from this! Oh, Henry!" And there she stopped short, and buried her face in Mopsy's head of curls.

"You'll very soon see them now, mamma!" said philosophic Miss Tiny, after a little pause; and then the native even ventured to say a word or two in his unintelligible jargon, and his mistress lifted up her face and appeared comforted.

"Who asked you to speak to my mamma?" demanded Miss Tiny, pertly, of the servant. "What is 'Do Mun' talking about, mamma? Why does he interrupt us?"

"He is speaking of the luggage which is to follow us from London to-morrow, darling!" said the lady, with a blush; and at that moment a porter entered, to inform her that the fly from "The George" was ready to convey them to Ash Grove.

"Thank Heaven!" she ejaculated, as she placed her sleeping child in the native's arms, and, again burdening herself with the charge of Tiny, followed the man to where the vehicle was waiting. The

porter held the door of the carriage open for them to enter, and, as he did so, he glanced toward where stood the dusky attendant in his long cloth coat and crimson turban, with looks of unmitigated contempt.

"Be that—" he commenced, and then, correcting himself, continued: "be *he* to go inside of the fly or outside, if you please, ma'am?" And when the lady intimated the former position, and the man-servant had taken possession of it, the porter clapped the door upon them with startling vehemence, in token of his disgust.

"Well, Bill," was his remark to a friend, as the glass windows were drawn up, and the carriage took its sober way in the direction of Ash Grove, "how ever a lady born can sit down in the same vehicle with a nasty, filthy black, like that 'ere, beats me altogether; and, as she makes so much of him, 'tis to be hoped he'll dine along of 'er, and not be allowed to pollute the kitchen-table at Ash Grove; for, as sure as he do, I shall order my Mary Ann to give warning. I'm not a-goin' to have her sit along of such as he."

"Who be they?" demanded his colleague.

"Blowed if I know! But I see the name of 'Harcher' on a bag as that black brute carried in his hand; and I've heard tell as the old lady had a daughter out in foreign parts, somewhere, as went by that name. So perhaps 'tis she, but never a word of her coming home have I had from Mary Ann. However it be, though, I hope she's not a-going to stay at Ash Grove long, for it's a good place, and I don't want the girl to leave it; but I'll be dashed if she shall live in the same house with one of them black creeturs! They're no better than apes and baboons, in my opinion, and no fit company for Christian girls—leastways, not for one as is to be my wife. Turn in, and 'ave a pipe, Bill; the next 'down' isn't due for twenty minutes, and it's not a night for a dog to stand about in."

Meanwhile, the fly which was conveying Mrs. Archer (for the porter's rough guess at the stranger's identity was correct) back to her mother's home was winding slowly—oh! terribly slowly, it seemed to her—up the steep hills, and cautiously down the country slopes which led to Ash Grove. The rain was still descending pitilessly against the closed windows, which were misty with their united breath; and it was in total darkness, and almost in total silence, that they took their weary way. Mopsy, cradled on his mother's bosom, was soon fast asleep, and she appeared most anxious that Tiny should follow his example; but that precocious individual, who seemed to have been born never to do any thing that was required of her, although warmly encircled by Mrs. Archer's arm, and quiet through extreme fatigue, persistently remained awake. For the first half of their journey the lady, except for a few soothing promises addressed to her tired children, was completely silent, though trembling with excitement and anticipation of the meeting before her; but when time, added to the few objects her straining eyes could distinguish through the blurred window-panes, warned her that they were approaching Ash Grove, her feelings could not be pent up any longer.

"There is old Brown's cottage!" she exclaimed, almost hysterically; "and that is the house where I first went to school. Woodlands will come next, and then there is but a quarter of a mile between that and Ash Grove. Oh! is it possible that I have been away for six long years—that it is all that time since I saw my mother, and dear, dear Marion! Oh, this fly! will it never go faster? And supposing they should not be at home!" clasping her hands in the terror of the supposition. "Supposing any thing should have happened, or it was impossible they could receive us, returning in this strange manner, without a line to say that we are coming! What should I do—where could we go to? Oh, Henry! why did you subject me to this?" and the clasped hands were raised to hide the streaming eyes.

"Why do you call my papa?" demanded Miss Tiny, in a drowsy voice, notwithstanding her previous obstinacy. "My papa is not here—he is far away in Calcutta; how can he hear you speak, mamma?" And then Mrs. Archer was recalled to the knowledge that she had been betraying some of her deepest feelings before her child.

"Yes—yes, darling! you are right," she answered as she hastily dried her eyes. "Poor papa is far away from all of us; it is because mamma wishes he were here that she called upon his name. But, if Tiny is a good girl, papa has promised to come back to her some day, and bring her a fine new dolly."

"I shall like to have the dolly," observed Miss Tiny, sententially; and her remark had the effect of silencing her mother for the brief

time longer she was destined to endure suspense. For at last "The George" fly reached Ash Grove; at last it crawled through the drive-gates, and ambled up the gravelled road which led to the front of the old-fashioned country-house. As it drew up before the hall-door, Mrs. Archer's agitation became extreme; she trembled violently in every limb, and, when she attempted to speak, her words died away in broken, gasping sobs. But she had not long to wait, for the unexpected arrival of a carriage at that time of night was an event at Ash Grove; and, before its wheels had ceased to scrape the gravel, the door stood open, and lights and figures appeared in the hall.

"Who is it?" Mrs. Archer heard said, in a loud whisper; and unable to enter upon any explanation, or restrain herself longer, she cast her sleeping burden into the native's arms; and flying to the ground, without preface or warning, rushed into the presence of her mother and sister, with the excited words upon her lips:

"It is I—it is I!—it is Eugenia come home to you again. Oh, mother! will you not bid me welcome?" And then she stopped short, and regarded them wildly, hungrily in the face.

To say that the ladies of Ash Grove were astonished is to say the very least of it. Until that moment they had quite believed that their daughter and sister was at the other side of the world; and, at this sudden announcement of her immediate presence, they seemed rooted to the ground on which they stood. For an instant a death-like silence prevailed among the three, and it was not until it was broken by a wailing sigh from Mrs. Archer, that her hearers seemed capable of speaking to her.

"Mother—mother!" then exclaimed the younger lady of the two: "it is Eugenia herself—it is our own Eugenia come home to us!" and with a cry of joy she darted forward, and clasped the new arrival in her arms.

"Oh, my sister! my darling sister!" she said, while she showered kisses on the wan, thin face. "Thank God that I hold you here once more! But you are changed, Eugenia—you are sadly, sorely changed; it is no wonder that, for the moment, we did not recognize you."

The mother was not so enthusiastic in her welcome. She loved her daughter, after her fashion of loving, but she could not recover the shock of her unexpected appearance so easily as the younger woman; and, when she had recovered it, she was a little disposed to resent that it had been forced upon her.

"My dearest Eugenia!" she said, as she advanced to greet her in her turn, "you have taken us so completely by surprise that I hardly know what to say to you."

She was a fine-looking and well-preserved old lady, with but a degree of pomposity and affectation about her—visible even in these moments of agitation—which sat badly on a woman of her years.

"Oh, mother!—yes! I know all that you would tell me," pleaded Mrs. Archer. "I should have written first, to say that I was coming, but it was quite impossible; I started at almost a moment's notice. My health—the children's" (with a faltering voice and drooping head) "needed immediate change, and I had no time to write to any one. It has all been very unfortunate—"

"And Willoughby—is he not with you, then?" demanded Mrs. Beale, in surprise.

"Henry—my husband?" said Eugenia, raising a face of crimson. "Oh, no. How could he come?—it would have been impossible. He will follow us, perhaps. I and the children—"

"Oh! where are the children?" interrupted her sister, Mrs. Elliot. "Are the dear little creatures alone in the fly all this time? Do let me fetch them!" and she flew out of the room for the purpose.

"They are not alone," replied Eugenia, in a husky voice; "I have a servant with me."

"Not one of those nasty black women, I trust, my dear," said Mrs. Beale, quickly; "they do create so much confusion in a house hold."

Mrs. Archer looked distressed.

"He is a native bearer, mamma; you know we use them for nurses, just as often as women, in Bengal; but I hope you will find him very inoffensive, and—"

"A man! my dear—a *black man*!" exclaimed the old lady, with uplifted hands; but her expressions of horror were cut short by the return of Mrs. Elliot, each arm burdened with a child, crying for its mother.

"Oh, mamma! why did you leave us so long in the dark with 'Do Mun?' We are cold and we are hungry, and when we cried he slapped us!" whined poor Tiny, whose patience and philosophy were alike exhausted.

The color rose in Mrs. Archer's face at this announcement, but her only answer was a "Hush!" as she held out her arms to receive the weary child.

"Mamma—mamma!" wailed little Mopsy, as he, too, struggled to reach the haven of her breast. "Let me go to mamma!"

And soon both children were nestled in her embrace.

"So this is Tiny!" said Mrs. Elliot, as she gazed into the weird face of the elder child. "She seems very tall for five years old, Eugenia! Poor little things! how tired and hungry they must be! Let us order tea to be laid for them at once, mamma."

"They will be glad of something to eat," said their mother, with a sickly smile; but still her eyes kept restlessly turning toward the door, as though in search of somebody.

"Whom are you looking for, Eugenia?" said her sister.

"Only for my servant—for 'Do Mun,'" replied the other, nervously. "Has he left the fly—is he in the house?"

"He is in the hall, darling; he is all right, never fear. I wish little Claude would let me see his face! He will not be so shy, perhaps, to-morrow. What beautiful curls he has!"

"He has too much hair," remarked Mrs. Beale, oracularly; "he is far too pale and thin for his age, my dear Eugenia, and these long curls take away a great deal of nourishment from his system. You should cut them off."

"Oh, that would be a pity!" cried Mrs. Elliot.

"He has been ill," said Mrs. Archer, faintly.

"All the more need to see that every obstacle to his perfect restoration to health be removed, my dear," continued Mrs. Beale. "Have you tried cod-liver oil for him?"

"Oh, mother! pray do not talk of any thing so nasty," interrupted the cheerful voice of Mrs. Elliot. "See, here is tea all ready for them; so come, Eugenia, draw your chair to the table, and try the effects of English bread and milk upon your boy. I am sure that is all that he wants to bring him round."

But, overtired as they were, the children did not eat satisfactorily, and the mother's anxious eyes roved every minute from her plate to the door.

"I should like to speak to 'Do Mun,'" she said, at length. "I am sure he must be very hungry also, and I should like—"

Her mother and her sister waited, in anticipation of the conclusion of her sentence, but none came; and, when they looked up to ascertain the reason of her silence, the only answer they received was that conveyed by a death-like face, sinking gradually lower and lower to one side of the chair Eugenia Archer occupied.

"She has fainted," cried Mrs. Elliot, in alarm; and then they seized the frightened children from her arms, and laid her on the sofa. It was true. Fatigue and anxiety, fear and sorrow, had done their work upon her, and for a short space she was as blissfully unconscious of this world's troubles as though she had never experienced their sting.

CHAPTER II.

MARION ELLIOT and Eugenia Archer were the daughters of Mrs. Beale, by her second marriage with a Bengal officer of little repute and less fortune, but whose handsome face (the sole legacy he had left his children) had been the successful means of inducing the well-to-do widow, Mrs. Algernon Frederick Tollemache, to forget what was due to the high-sounding name she bore by sinking it in his own.

Not that Mrs. Beale ever permitted those who associated with her to forget what she had been, or lost an opportunity of impressing on her daughters how extremely grateful they ought to feel for the sacrifice she had made in their behalf. And as the sudden fancy she had conceived for the handsome officer, many years younger than herself, whom she had honored with her hand, gradually died away, and her eyes became opened to his real character, her regrets for what she had so easily resigned became more poignant and more public, and her affections seemed to return to the past and cling there. It was chiefly, perhaps, for this reason that she always appeared to favor her daughter by her first marriage (also a married woman) more than either of her younger children, and that every thing that Antol-

nette Lennox did, said, or wore, was accepted by her mother as a pattern of good breeding or good taste.

It is certain, however, that during the term of Captain Beale's reign he did not take much pains to make his wife forget the past in the present. He was selfish and extravagant, and, though he had married her with a very nice little fortune, he died leaving nothing behind him but Ash Grove, a few thousands which he had been unable to touch, and the Bengal Military Fund for the maintenance of his daughters.

Now, the Bengal Fund differed from other funds in this particular, that its female members were compelled either to go out to Calcutta at the age of eighteen, or resign the benefits they received from it—benefits which in any case they gave up on becoming wives.

Marion Beale, the elder of the sisters by five years, had received an offer of marriage, just before she reached that age, from a widower of the name of Elliot, for whom she had formed a strong attachment; and she was therefore at once married to him, and the necessity of the voyage to India provided against. But when, five years later, it was announced among their circle of acquaintance that Eugenia—so tender and so pretty—was about to be consigned to the care of friends of her father in Calcutta, and make the long journey by herself, many people said it was a shame of Mrs. Beale, and that she was surely rich enough to have been able to keep her youngest daughter with her at home, even though she had to resign the assistance of the Bengal Fund.

Mrs. Beale apparently listened to none of this. She was not rich, and she had a sure though secret drainage on her purse, which made her certain that she never should be so; therefore Eugenia's fate was fixed, and her passage-money paid.

The girl herself dreaded the whole affair. She could not bear to part from her beloved sister Marion, whose house had been as much her home as was Ash Grove; she shrunk from the publicity, from what seemed to her the shame, of the proceeding; and she felt that natural sorrow and timidity which all experience when first called upon to leave their friends and native land. Notwithstanding which, Eugenia reached Calcutta in safety; and she had not been there long before the letters home of her friends, the Grahams, were filled with accounts of her conquests and opportunities.

Her mother and sisters therefore naturally expected that she would make a grand match, and were consequently disappointed when they heard that her choice had fallen on a certain Henry Willoughby Archer, who was simply a clerk in the firm of Andrews & Carden, merchants of Calcutta; the truth being, that there was no choice in the matter, but that the unsophisticated girl was so bewildered with the unusual attention she received that she was hardly in a fit state to judge of the relative merits of the various candidates for the honor of her hand, and accepted the first offer which was made to her. Mr. Archer, however, was a gentleman, and in a position to maintain Eugenia as a gentlewoman; therefore no reasonable objection could be made to the match, and they were married—since which time Mrs. Archer had had none but postal communication with her own people.

The births of Tiny and Mopsy had been duly announced, and congratulated upon; the death of one tiny infant, whose little body mouldered in Indian earth, while his memory flourished greenly in his mother's heart, duly sympathized with; but letters convey but a tithe of the writer's soul, even when penned with that intention, and, beyond the relation of mere facts, Mrs. Archer had never been very communicative in hers. Of her husband she wrote little, and whether she was happy or unhappy in her married life, even her sister Marion had never been able to determine, and, occupied with her own trouble (for she had been left a widow three years before, with a step-daughter to look after and provide for), had left off even trying to discover.

But now that she saw Eugenia again, looking so ill and pale and dispirited, Marion felt sure that all was not as it should be, and thirsted for the moment when her sister should repose the same confidence in her as of yore.

Peeping cautiously into the bedroom where they had carried Mrs. Archer after her fainting-fit, and left her, as they thought, to repose, Mrs. Elliot was surprised to see her sister sitting on the hearth-rug, with hands clasped about her knees as she stared, in a vague and melancholy manner, in the fire.

"My darling!" exclaimed the elder woman, regardless of the slumbering children on the bed, "why have you got up again? I hoped that you were fast asleep. You are weak and ill, and over-tired, Eugenia; you need a long rest to make you like yourself again."

"A long rest!" Eugenia echoed, brokenly—"a very long rest, dear Marion! But I cannot take it now. I have been waiting and watching for your footstep for the last half-hour; I knew that you would come again to see me. Talk to me of home, and of all that concerns me here. It is such pleasure to listen to your voice again!"

"I wish I could say it was as much pleasure to look at you, my darling!" said Mrs. Elliot, with a sigh, "although it is more than happiness to have you here. Why, what has become of all the hair, Eugenia, which I used to take such pride in dressing? And where are the dimpled cheeks and the rounded shoulders with which you left us? Mamma says that, had she met you in the street, she should not have recognized you."

"I think that is very likely, Marion. Where are they gone? To the same place as my youth, I suppose; one seems to lose every thing in India."

"Your youth, you goose! Why, Eugenia, you are only four-and-twenty!"

"Four-and-twenty in years, dear—four-and-fifty in feeling!" rejoined the other; and then she quickly turned her face away, as though to avoid her sister's scrutiny.

They were both pretty women, although the younger had had much the advantage in point of looks. Mrs. Elliot was a brunette, the damask glow upon whose cheeks trouble had not even had the power to wash out, and whose dark eyes oftener shone with laughter than with tears.

Mrs. Archer, on the contrary, although her hair was of the same brown hue as her sister's, was very fair, and had large, tender, blue eyes, which only wanted a sparkle of happiness to make them irresistible. In place of that, however, illness or care had set dark rings about them, increasing their size, but diminishing their brilliancy; and her hair was thinned, and her cheeks had fallen in, and her whole figure was bowed and contracted from weakness and attenuation. She was, in effect, what is termed "a wreck" of her former self; and, as Marion Elliot remembered the blooming creature who had left them, the tears rose into her eyes, and made the drooping figure before her dim.

"Four-and-fifty!" she exclaimed, cheerfully; "not quite that yet, Eugenia—or, at all events, you will feel very differently after you have been a short time in dear Old England. And what am I to tell you about, my darling?"

"Every thing. First, of yourself and Amy. Why is she not here?"

"She has gone on a visit to some of her father's family, but we expect her back next week. I shall be proud to show her to you, Eugenia—such a sweet girl, so pretty and affectionate, and so good to me! She could not be more dutiful were I really her mother. She is the greatest blessing my dear husband could have left me."

"Every one would not think so, Marion, to see you encumbered at nine-and-twenty with a daughter of seventeen—you, who are still young enough to form a second marriage!"

"Hush!" said Mrs. Elliot, quickly; and a look of pain passed over her features. "I shall never do that. I loved her father from the bottom of my heart, and Amy is her father's image. How could I fail to love her? She is almost as dear to me as if she were my own. Ah, Eugenia! how often I have envied you the possession of those darlings!" and the eyes of the childless woman roved toward the bed.

"They are very precious," sighed the mother—"almost too much so for one's happiness. For they are neither of them strong, Marion, and especially Mopsy. I hardly thought he could have survived the last hot season in Calcutta."

"Poor little fellow! he looks delicate. Antoinette's last baby would make two of him."

"How is Antoinette going on?"

"The same as ever, dear! Her children are as cruelly neglected, her husband as supinely indifferent to her proceedings, and herself as vain and pleasure-seeking, as of old; and yet mamma still devoutly worships all she says and does, and considers every thing about her

perfection. Antoinette is still the 'only one of her daughters who has a heart.'"

"Will my mother's infatuation on that score never cease?"

"Never—until Antoinette shows herself in her true character, which, as she is her child as much as we are, I suppose we ought not to wish for. Yet it is inexplicable to me."

"Is Antoinette friendly with yourself and Amy?"

"She pretends to be so; but I would as soon trust the advances of a serpent. She is intolerably conceited, selfish, and careless, and risks her own reputation, and that of all connected with her, in the most reckless manner. Yet my mother (usually so hard upon transgressors) defends her daughter's flirtations in every possible way—rather glories in them, as a proof of her power to charm, I believe, than otherwise—and denies that any thing concerning her requires alteration. The only one of the party she ever abuses is the poor, simple husband, William Lennox."

"Has he no care for his own good name?"

"He has none, my dear. Were he to begin accusing Antoinette so late in the day, I expect she could give him tit for tat. However, let us talk no more of them; it is a subject which always makes me angry. You will, doubtless, be able to judge for yourself before long, and then you shall tell me what you think of her paint and her powder—her false hair, false jewelry, and falser manners."

"Paint and powder!" exclaimed Mrs. Archer, in dismay.

"Ah, my dear innocent Eugenia!" said Mrs. Elliot, as she stroked her sister's face. "I knew, when I saw these pale cheeks, and this hair, so simply twisted round your head, that you had come to a land which would make your eyes open. You have arrived in the paradise of lies, darling, where no woman is what she seems to be, and no man says what he means to say. England is strangely altered since you left it."

"You don't paint, Marion?" said Eugenia, as she looked up into her sister's face.

"No, dear! Antoinette would tell you, because my color is too coarse already—at any rate, there is no occasion for it; and I trust it may be a long time before I see you do so, sister."

But at this juncture the sisters' conference was broken in upon, by the cautious unclosing of the door, and the appearance of Mrs. Beale's head and head-dress.

"Dear me!" she ejaculated, "is it possible that Eugenia is awake? I wish I had known it before, for I have wanted to speak to her this half-hour.—My dear, what is to be done about your man?"

At this question, Mrs. Archer sprang to her feet, and a crimson glow spread itself over her pale features.

"Oh, what shall I do!" she exclaimed, with a look that was almost terror; "I have quite forgotten him. My fainting, and the drowsiness I felt after it, completely put him out of my head."

"You have no reason to reproach yourself, my dear," replied her mother; "a mistress can't be always thinking of her servants, even when they're Christians. And I have seen him properly looked after, as I would any other poor brute beast thrown on my care. I told the cook to place some bread and meat and beer on a table, and point to them; and she assures me he seemed quite to understand her, and made himself at home, especially with the beer—which surprises me, my dear Eugenia, as I have always understood that these Bengal servants made circles on the floor, and sat in the midst of them, eating rice with their fingers. But Jane says that this creature seemed to understand beef and beer as well as any one she ever saw. And now—what is to be done with him next?"

"About—about sleeping, do you mean?" said Mrs. Archer, who, during the foregoing harangue, had been standing with downcast head—her color coming and going with painful rapidity, and her fingers nervously lacing and interlacing one another.

"Certainly, my dear! about sleeping," rejoined Mrs. Beale.

"He—he—I suppose he couldn't have a bed to himself, mamma?" Eugenia murmured, rather than said.

"A bed to himself, Eugenia? Well, my dear, if he has a bed at all, I should think it most certainly would be to himself, for he is, without exception, the most unpleasant-looking creature I ever beheld."

"Oh, no—no, mamma!" was the ready, earnest answer; "indeed, you are hard upon him. 'Do Mun' is a very good servant; he can't help his looks, you know, and I am sure he will not give any

trouble while he is here. It will not be long," she added, in a low voice.

"But about his sleeping, my dear; you really must not ask me to put him between a pair of my sheets—we should never be able to use them again."

"If you object to his occupying one of the beds, let him have a mattress on the floor of the next room, by the side of Tiny's cot, mamma, and he will be quite contented."

"In the next room, my dear! in a room opening into yours, with folding-doors! I never heard of such a thing! it would be most allowable!"

Eugenia hung her head and blushed.

"We think nothing of it in Bengal," she said; "the bearers there always sleep by the children's cots."

"I can't help what they do in Bengal, my dear—such a custom is worthy of a heathen country; but it would never do in England—all the servants would be talking of it."

Poor Mrs. Archer looked as perplexed as though she had brought home an elephant for which no accommodation could be found. She pondered for a few moments in silence, and then she said, quietly:

"Let it be as you think fit, mamma. If 'Do Mun' may have his mattress on the floor of the dressing-room, I will lock the folding-doors between us, and keep Tiny in my own bed. There is plenty of room here for us all."

"She will disturb you," interrupted Mrs. Elliot; "can she not be left in the charge of 'Do Mun'?"

"She is restless, away from me," said Eugenia, shortly.

"The man can't be much use to you as a nurse, my dear," rejoined Mrs. Beale, but her remark received no reply.

So Mrs. Archer's wishes, after a great deal of fuss and many lamentations, on the part of her mother, that the dressing-room should be desecrated for such a purpose, were carried into execution; and, after Eugenia had held a brief conference with the native on the threshold of her own apartment, Mrs. Beale and Marion saw her lock the folding-doors which divided them, and, having wished her a sincere "Good-night," left her to gain the rest she so much needed.

But though Mrs. Archer, left to herself, lay down upon the bed beside her slumbering children, it certainly was not to sleep—for her eyes kept pertinaciously open, and her ears were alive to every sound; and as soon as the household was quiet, and a general stillness announced that its inmates had betaken themselves to their own rooms, she crept softly to her feet again, and unlocked the folding-doors, of which she had retained the key.

"Henry!" she whispered, scarcely above her breath. "Henry, are you quite comfortable?"

"Cursed uncomfortable!" was the surly reply, as the supposed native turned himself upon the mattress provided for him by the hospitality of his mother-in-law. "I haven't got any pillows, and not half enough blankets. I think I shall turn into your room, and lie by the fire."

"Oh, no—no, pray don't do that," she exclaimed, with real alarm; "indeed, it would be too dangerous; think of the children."

"D—n the children!" was the unpaternal reply; "they or you seem always in the way. I shall do the girl an injury if you leave her with me much more than you do at present. If the truth is ever discovered, it will be by means of her babbling tongue."

The darkness covered the strange mixture of fear and contempt which rose to Mrs. Archer's features as she listened to this speech; but she controlled her feelings sufficiently to say:

"They are but infants, Henry—you too often forget that fact; and, if I had left them in your charge more than is pleasant to yourself, you know it has not been of my own free will, but because I feared suspicion might light upon you, if not sufficiently employed in the character you profess to be."

"I don't believe it," he answered, rudely. "You like to see me in this degraded situation, and you force upon me what you know it is not in my present power to resent."

She did not seem to think this accusation worthy of her refutation.

"If the little ones are sometimes burdensome," she said, "remember how much worse the alternative would be, and how large a debt we owe them! What should we have done without them in this emergency?"

"It's very easy for you to stand there and preach," he answered, "when you run no risk, and are fed and lodged with the best. You

don't care a rush for what I have to put up with—a mattress to lie on, and kitchen-fare."

"Oh, indeed—indeed, I do," she said, her womanly compassion overpowering all other feelings, "and would so willingly exchange places with you, Henry, if my doing so would answer the same end. Don't you believe me?" And, as she spoke, Mrs. Archer crossed the little dressing-room, and knelt down beside the bed upon the floor.

"Can't say I do," was the reply. "Have you got any pillows you can spare me?"

"Oh, of course I have—and blankets too; how could I be so forgetful?" she exclaimed, and, entering her own room, she soon returned with all that he required, and made his bed comfortable as only a woman can, and locked the doors, lest he should be surprised in the morning before she could regain what she had lent him. And then she stooped down, and brought her mouth close to his ear:

"Henry, is it safe you should remain here?"

"Safe! Why not? An out-of-the-way hole like this must be safer than anywhere else."

"I don't know that; there is so much more opportunity for observation, and my mother appears to have grown sharper with her advancing years. She seemed so surprised about the beef and beer. Was it prudent of you to drink the beer?"

"Do you want me to starve? I haven't tasted a thing fit to eat during the entire voyage."

"Oh, no—no; but the first evening. I thought, when I heard it, that it would have been better, perhaps, had you refrained."

"Well, then, I'm not going to refrain. What can your mother know about Bengalees? Tell her I've lived so long with Europeans that I've adopted all their ways."

"I will, to-morrow; but, in any case, you won't remain here very long, Henry. My mother evidently doesn't like the idea of having a man-servant about the house."

"I don't care what your mother likes or doesn't like—I shall stay here as long as it suits my convenience to do so. The only one of your family whom I'm afraid to meet is Antoinette. I don't care a pin for Marion or the old woman."

"But if mamma were to take a strong dislike to your remaining here, it might lead to her not wishing myself and the children to do so either, and that would be very inconvenient for us all."

"That is my lookout," he answered, indifferently; "so go to bed, Eugenia, and keep those brats of yours quiet, so that I may have some sleep. I'm as tired as a dog."

She wished him "Good-night" then, and was creeping away to join her babies, when she returned, and (what will a mother not do where her children's welfare is concerned?) kissed him as he lay. "Don't slap the poor little things any more, Henry," she murmured, entreatingly, as her lips touched his cheek.

The man grumbled something in return, with which she was obliged to be content; and, as Eugenia Archer again locked the doors between them, her overwrought feelings found vent in a heavy fall of tears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WILDFIRE.

I.

BRANT CAMERON was a bright boy, full of life, courage, and spirits, and grew up among the Grimmel Hills with all a faun's fondness for the woods and hills and streams. He knew every rock and peak, every gorge and chasm, pond, brook, tree almost, in that whole wild mountain-region. How such a son came of a father like Allan Cameron, is a mystery. Allan was Scotch by birth, and a worthy son of the Covenanters—taciturn, grave, of strictest honesty and sobriety; devout, untiring in labor for his family's comfort; kind by nature and yet cold to the touch and hard to come at, utterly unromantic, incredible of any other type of virtue, judging persons and actions by one unvarying code that made little account of temper or temptation.

It was not wonderful, then, that he and his second son did not get on. It would be a long story, and not a pleasant one, to tell how these two natures grew gradually more and more irritating and offensive to each other. Neither was the better, one may be certain, for the ceaseless silent conflict of thought, manner, look, word, act. Each grated on the other; each was better away from the other.

The father grew more and more harsh in his treatment. Brant acquired an unnatural stubbornness and sullen gloom in his father's presence, and grew really mischievous and reckless under the heavy hand.

Not strangely, Brant was his mother's favorite of all her sons. She was a gentle, loving woman, true in her love, and unchanging as the hills above her home. Brant loved her with all his passionate strength; to her, he was another boy. He would have died for her, if need had been, as certainly she would have been swift to die for him.

One night in summer, when Brant was sixteen, his father came home from Caraman with a black face. He had been gone three days; was not expected for a day or two more. His wife was scared when she saw him come riding up the valley. There was a horse-fair holding at Omona. Brant had been off since early morning. His mother had fretted about him all day; he had fallen into doubtful company before in Omona, and been forbidden to go there alone. When she saw Allan coming and Brant still away, her heart sunk; and not without reason. He greeted her kindly; but there was a black look in his firm face. He said nothing of Brant. Only, sitting at the tea-table, he looked up straight in her face once, and said, *à propos* of nothing:

"I came home through Omona."

Wheat poor Jess dropped her eyes, and her lips quivered. She loved and honored Allan entirely; also she feared certain moods of his as she feared nothing else this side death or beyond. Yet she never doubted his justice, hardly his absolute right. She believed Brant all wrong in any difference with his father; she would have suffered any thing to save him from what she believed just wrath.

At ten, Allan said quietly, and not unkindly:

"Don't wait, Jess; I shall sit up."

Her candle would not light somehow. She turned back at the door. Allan saw drops in her eyes.

"Don't be hard, Allan, dear," she pleaded.

He heard her sobbing on the stairs. He was keenly sorry for her pain. That, too, he set to the boy's account.

It was very late, or very early, when a back window creaked just a little as the sash closed down. The door of the passage opened, and Cameron stood face to face with his son. The scene is too terrible—come away!

Ten minutes later the boy burst out of the house, half mad with unnatural rage and hate, swearing an awful oath that he would never cross his father's threshold more. And he kept his word!

He broke away, blind with passion, and rushed off down the road toward the forest, neither knowing nor caring whither.

A month later, as Mrs. Cameron was standing one day in a store in Omona, with a pitiful, mourning face, a letter was slipped into her hand. She knew the writing; opened the envelope with trembling fingers and fluttering heart.

"NORRIS, July 34.

"MY DEAR MOTHER: I am very sorry. But don't think hard of me. I hardly knew that night—I wasn't right. I'm sorriest on your account, mother. I think I'm better away. I didn't get on, some how; I couldn't. I did things out of spite that I wouldn't. Anyway, I can't go back; I swore it. God forgive me! but I can't come back. But don't fret, mother; I'm going to try and do better. I solemnly promise you I'll do my best to be what you would have me. I know you won't forget me. I know you'll pray God to help me. I'll keep that in my mind: and you'll trust me, mother, and I'll try and not go wrong again.

"I haven't been near Omona. I've got work here on the railroad. Some day I hope to be an engineer. So you mustn't fret about me, mother; and I'll do my best, and love you always.

"Your loving prodigal,

"BRANT."

II.

"I think there's a fire up-country somewhere, Jess. Come out and look."

She came out and stood beside him. She looked away across the northern hills.

Old Allan's head is silver now. There are streaks of gray in Jess's smooth, thin hair.

She turns and looks in Allan's face.

"Is it the woods, Allan?"

"I think it's the woods, Jess."

It is November. Around the valley stretch the unbroken forest and the frowning Grimmel Hills.

The sap is down. The leaves hang dry and crisp; the winds break them off one by one, and they rattle down through the waving boughs and lie among the trunks in rustling, dry-brown heaps.

"Mother," the old man says, "I think it's the woods on fire."

"Heaven forfend," answers Jess. "The leaves are tinder. The wind is north. If it is, God help us all!"

They stood and watched it long. The night was bright and wild; the hills kept off the wind. Stalwart and tall even yet, blue eyes, bright as when they looked on Highland loch and glen, the brave old man stood out, with gray head bare, and solemn, earnest face, and watched the low, dun, ominous smoke-cloud resting upon the lower Grimmels far away. Her hand upon his own, her calm, old, time-worn face against his shoulder, his wife, his life-long sweetheart, stood close beside him in the door-way, and with him watched the terrible sign. A beautiful trust, a look of changeless love and tenderness shone out of her gentle eyes when they turned upon him. A tender smile stole into his solemn face. He put his arm about her, stooped down and brushed her forehead with his gray mustache. He knew of what she was thinking—of another night when they two had stood together as now and looked out over gloomy hills—night and hills, three thousand miles and forty years away!

"Do you remember, Jess?"

"Ay, do I, Allan dear. Glen-maim and Ben Monore."

When it was quite dark, the sky in the northeast was seen to faintly glow with a strange, unnatural light, that deepened steadily, and steadily crept farther and farther round the horizon toward the east. There could be no doubt of it now. The great Grimmel forest was on fire at the northern end!

The wind was north, blowing steady and strong out on the desolate hills. The line of the forest trends away southwest from the part on fire. The north wind sweeps the flames down the skirt of the forest, keeping them well off on the outer edge. By nine o'clock the sky is one deep glare of fire, all round from north to east.

Old Allan turned his face again at last.

"Mother," he said, "it is time to go to work. If the wind hauls into the south, it'll be on us before we know. I'm thankful the girls are away. I wish that Murray was back."

"I wish my Brant was here," the old heart said. "I wouldn't heed if Branny was by."

All these years and years the mother's heart has pined for her best-loved son, her bright, brave, brown-eyed Brant. All these years she has missed his merry face, his ringing laughter, his downright, out-spoken manner, his whistle heard far off, his hearty, ringing voice, the flood of breezy sunshine that came in with him out of the dreariest day. He had never come back to Mirawama. She heard from him now and then, though Brant was no great hand at letter-writing. She loved him fondly as ever; believed in him fully and undoubtedly. She believed he was better and happier away; so she kept her trouble to herself and went her destined way, untiring, unselfish, fond and faithful mother and wife, endlessly loving and thoughtful through years and years. Brant was an engineer now on the Callawana Railroad, twenty miles away to the south.

Murray, the son whose absence the old man lamented, had left the valley for Rannelan the day before, taking a load of wheat and poultry for that market, and would not be back for two days more. Flo and Ess, the daughters, were also away on a visit. They were to come home on Tuesday; it was now Monday night. Thus the old couple were all alone in Mirawama—the sky, from north to east, one lurid crimson glow, and the dense, dry forest round about them!

"Mother," old Allan said, "it's time to work."

He went out and got his axe from the barn.

The house and barns were built up on the east slope, close under the shade of the forest. He set to work. The night was bright as day—bright with a strange, unearthly light. The strokes of his axe rang out—strong, sharp, regular, blow by blow. He was stout and stalwart yet. The trees about the house went down before him, crashing and thundering out on the silent night.

Southward swept the broad, deep glow in the eastern sky; swept south and deepened, brighter and brighter yet. Round toward the north the crimson glare remained, climbed higher and higher up the

heavens, and burned to a fiercer hue. The north wind swept the fire south, but left its flaming trail all round the edge of the forest, eating in toward the Grimmels slowly and stubbornly against the wind.

One by one the great trees thundered down before old Cameron's axe. By one o'clock he had a broad space cleared about the house. He drove the oxen up from the nine-acre, yoked them, got out the chains and hauled the trees out away from the house. He was weary then; he could work no more. He went in, lay down, and slept like a child. He had done his best so far; if it came upon them now, His will be done!

She did not lie down. She sat at the window, through all the lonely remnant of the night, and watched that awful panorama roll slowly south, and burn and glow along the heavens. Alone in that awful midnight; watching, awed and anxious, in that vast solitude, was it strange that her thoughts strayed off to her boy Brant? The rest she had with her almost always; she knew they were safe and well. She had not seen Brant's face for years. She longed with a deep, strong yearning to have him by her now; to stroke again his smooth, dark hair; to hear his laughter ringing; to look into his bright, brown eyes.

All night the awful red array of conquering fire marched south, sublime along the eastern sky. All night the flaming sky grew brighter and deeper with crimson glare. Hour by hour the fierce glow climbed and climbed higher and higher up the heavens all night long.

Old Allan slept, peaceful as any tired child. The hours crept along—two, three, four, five. The dawn broke faint along the east and south. The flaunting crimson banners paled and died down out of the sky. She stirred about, then made the breakfast, laid the cloth. The sun came up; the glow of the fire was gone now out of the sky. Allan came out, went out to the door and looked around. All round the east, from north to south, low on the far-away hills, lay and rolled southward great dun clouds of smoke. Then he came in.

"Mother," he said, "the wind's north yet. The woods are on fire all round from Gaunt Gorge to Little Grimmel. We're entirely cut off; thank Heaven, the children are safe! We must do our best, and trust God for the rest."

Fancy a long, long day of awful fears and hopes, of a terrible strain of nerve and muscle and faint old hearts. Fancy the awful loneliness; only the sound of clanging axe and clanking chain, as the oxen haul the prostrate trunks into the lower pasture-lands. Fancy the added gloom of dusk and night, the awful fires eating in and in against the steady sighing northwest wind!

At night the wind lulled fitfully and ominously. And, when it rose again, it blew up out of the south. They stood together by the open sash, and watched the awful sight. The old man, watching so, bent suddenly out and listened eagerly.

"Hark, Jess!" he whispered, awed, and white of face.

The wind died down one breath.

A low, deep, tremulous, increasing roar came dully over the forest; and, as the wind swelled up once more, there came a sudden rushing burst of sound like the blast of ten thousand bellows fanning a mighty flame—a fierce, wild, flaunting sound, mad as a devil's laugh!

A puff of light, thin smoke came sweeping up the valley—another and another. Then a dense cloud came rolling up from the forest like a great fog, sweeping inward from the sea. They shut the window-sash. The cloud of smoke rolled over them and on up to the north toward the lonely higher Grimmels. Then the smoke-clouds scattered right and left; again the air was clear. The line of fire had swept away north with the favoring wind. The crimson belt climbed higher, flared fierce in waving jets and spires and broad-spread sheets of flame. Swiftly the line spread north and came sweeping on. The roar of the rushing fires swelled every instant louder and nearer, awful to hear. The clouds in the eastern sky flamed bright with fiery hues, crimson and golden and ruby-red, that glowed and interchanged, and faded and glowed again. The whole broad sky behind was one deep, breathing, crimson glare.

Alone in that awful night, hemmed round by fire, the towering gloomy Grimmels up behind them miles and miles, this gray old pair stood together and watched and listened, and waited for the end that could not be long to come. And the rushing line of fire swept ever wider and wider, swelled up higher and fiercer and nearer every breath; and came in awfully swift and keen and strong, with the roar of a mighty furnace, thousand-fold—terrible as an evil fate, terrible as an army with banners. An army! Terrible as a legion of incarnate

fiends, armed with the breath of hell, and charging dire, their flaunting banners streaming heaven-high, blood-red, and flecked with fire!

And the crowding lines closed awfully in and in upon the lone old pair.

By the closed window, awed and silent, their solemn faces grotesque and ghastly in that awful light, old Jess and Allan stood and watched the lines of blasting flame close in and in.

The wind lulled a moment. The fire was close upon the valley now, at the lower end. They saw the flames trail like fiery serpents through the dry, brown leaves, and in and out among the standing trunks. Then the fierce sheets of flame behind came sweeping on, leaping from branch to branch, from tree to tree: licking fierce up the trunks; wrapping the boughs in sheeting bursts of wind-swayed flame; hissing, crackling, roaring, flashing out in consuming jets along the tapering twigs; climbing, flaring, wrapping this way and that; leaping out high in flaunting spires of fire; consuming, insatiable, infernal, like the impish, mad, merciless demon it was.

"Good God, Jess! Look there!"

He grasped her arm, pointed down the valley, bent forward and stared out eagerly. His face was awful to see.

The wind had lulled one moment. Out of that fearful wave a circular mass of burning boughs, red cinders, flakes and lines and spots of fire, whirling slowly round and round, suspended in the air and stretching upward from the earth, came sweeping swiftly up the line of the valley.

"It's the whirlwind, Allan, coming straight upon us."

The dim old eyes looked up to the lurid sky. The thin hands clasped in eager prayer. The white lips moved and murmured tremulous:

"O God, send help! Spare—spare!"

And the faithful heart, in that awful moment, breathed a quick, eager, formless prayer to Heaven that life might not pass even yet till once more she might see her Brant's loved face, and look into his honest, laughing eyes, and press his dear face close to hers again as when Brant was a child!

Up the valley the whirlwind swept, trailing a track of fire through the dry grass-lands. A minute more and the fierce blast struck the house. A sudden rushing sound as of surging waters; a rocking of the house's frame; a great clattering of windows and window-blinds; a pattering as of heavy hail and some heavier banging sounds; a great swell through the forest like the roar of surf; and then the whirlwind was gone. And all about, on the ground, and roofs, and in the woods, lay scattered spots and sprays of smouldering fire that lay a moment kindling a brighter red, and then flamed up in a hundred little flickering fires, and flared up brighter and hotter and spread like a fiery leaven. In three minutes more, barns, stables, sheds, the woods around, and the house itself, were all on fire, blazing up in a hundred places at once.

"Come, Jess," old Cameron muttered hoarsely; "come, Jess, it's time to go!"

He took a bank-book and some money from a drawer. She got his hat and her shawl. They went out at the back. All round them a hundred little fires cracked and flared and spread. The smoke and heat confused them; but they stumbled clear of them somehow, out into clearer air. They turned then and looked around. Below, the dry grass-lands spread out all across the valley; a burning line stretched from hill to hill. Beyond, the greater fire spread its walls of flame. Behind them the desolate Grimmels towered frowning into the gloomy western sky. Old Jess turned slowly round and round, her face bent down, a dizzy swimming feeling in her brain. Then she looked up piteously in her husband's face.

"Allan—where?"

He turned his eyes from the blinding glare and looked at her with a dazed, blind stare, only half-comprehending. Just then the frightened cattle came dashing past them, and rushed on up the valley with an unyielding scamper.

"See, Jess," he said. "They know. There's only one chance left. To the hills!"

Clinging together, helping each other as they had for forty years and more, with scared old faces and failing hearts, these two gray-heads toiled on up toward the inhospitable hills.

"Look, Jess," he said, and turned and pointed south. House, barns, stables, crib, stacks of stalks and grain, were one great, seething mass of vivid flame. "And look again," he said, and pointed up—

and west. Upon the hills to the west they saw tongues of flame shoot up into the sky, and spread, and rise, and flash along the crest, on toward the north, to head them off. But the fire sweeps up swift behind, swift and terrible as death. The awful light glares down; the terror of death in their eyes and hearts. They can only toil on toward the hills, and cry to God for help.

III.

Tuesday morning, 7th November, at seven o'clock, Flo and Ess started for Mirawama, driving the sorrel mare. At eight they passed the crest of Backbone Ridge and broke out with a simultaneous cry. The Grimmel forest lay stretched out before them; what they saw one may guess.

An hour later the two girls came hurrying east again, soiled with ashes and soot, shoes and clothes singed and torn. At Ridge Fork Flo stopped the mare.

"Jump out, Ess. Run back and tell John to try in by the gorge. No, no; you mustn't cry. Good-by. Run along."

At a little past one Flo drove into Omona. She went straight to George Denner. She knew he would do any thing she asked him. She told him.

"I've tried every road," she said. "No one can get in. I don't know what to do. I must get word to Brant. He's on the Western Mail. Will you go, George?"

"To the world's end for you, Florence," he said.

He got the best horse he could hire. He did not look at his watch till he was galloping hard along the great south road. It was later when he looked than he thought. He struck in to the west, and ran for Miriam Station. He was five minutes before the mail. He ran out, and climbed up on the engine as it slowed. In two minutes more Brant drove the train out of Miriam. The news had struck him white.

"God, George," he groaned, "it's horrible!"

But a sudden thought struck him, like a flash of light. At Mullen he telegraphed on: "Send a man out to the Junction to bring on the mail. I've got to go north on the 'Hawk.'"

The "Hawk" was the night express on the railroad. The two lines cut at Raddler's Junction, thirteen miles west. The "Hawk" was due at Raddler's nine minutes ahead of the mail. At Bardlow, Brant was six minutes ahead of time. He caught the express train and went north.

At five-fifteen he was in Grimmel village, in among the western spurs of the hills. A crowd was gathered in an open space, listening to a political harangue. Brant got upon the stand and called upon the crowd for help. He told the story in three sentences' time; told them what he meant to try.

"The wind is south. The woods are all about them. They are alone inside. The woods to the west of them will be on fire, too, before a man can half work through the Grimmels. The Gorge is the only chance. Who'll come and help me?"

In fifteen minutes Brant led fifty men into the mouth of a long defile that struck up eastward through the glooming hills. Each man carried his share of shovels, spades, crowes, and picks, or helped with the skiff slung to two long poles.

A little before midnight they straggled round the borders of Loon Lake, high up among the loftiest peaks of the Grimmels. By twos and threes they straggled in and gathered in the gloomy shadow of Shut-off Gorge. Above them towered gaunt, on either hand, the rugged, rocky peaks. The placid lake spread away westward at their feet. From Shut-off Gorge, all the way down, clear of the hills to the east, one who cared could easily trace the water-worn course of an ancient stream out through Mirawama and the forest beyond. Brant had climbed it to Loon Lake and the Devil's Tower a hundred times. The Gorge had, plainly enough, been shut off at some distant time by a land-slide from the overhanging hills. The lake had risen, and found another outlet on the western shore.

This gorge had flashed upon Brant when he heard how the matter lay. His parents were inside that fire-pent valley, had been his thought; he must get in to them. He knew the fire would rage all round them before he could get up. Then there was only one way to pass the fiery wall—to follow the bed of a stream. But there was no stream. Then he would make one.

The pure, dark waters lapped on the grassy bank at their feet. The bottom of the gorge did not exceed six feet above the lake. Two

reds back from the water the ground dropped suddenly below the water-level. Up through the chasm came a horrible red glare, that lighted up rocks, peaks, and faces of men, with wild, grotesque, unearthly hues and shadows. Brant leaped upon a rock and pointed down to the east.

"Good God!" he cried. "Look there!"

The eastern spurs of the mountains, far away down, waved and swept in one broad, glowing sea of crimson fire.

"To work, men," Brant cried, "and, for God's sake, be quick!"

Spade and shovel crashed in the gravel; pick and crow-bar rang loud and quick on the stones. A long, wide ditch went steadily down; to right and left two lines of earth and stones rose higher and higher. At half after twelve the men gathered upon the bank of the lake. The trench was down ten feet deep, all but the upper end. A narrow wall dammed up the water still. A large stone pierced this barrier five feet down. A deep hole had been dug below to receive this stone when it should roll. Brant caught up a rope, doubled it, knotted the middle about his body. He tossed one end to Beverley, the other to Morris; they stood on opposite sides of the sluice. He caught a crow-bar, and leaped down into the mud and water.

"All out there below!" shouted Beverley.

Brant stood in the bottom and called:

"Are you ready to swing me out?"

Beverley and Morris braced themselves, and held the lines loose, but firm, in their hands. Each looked at the other.

"We're ready," Beverley answered.

Brant struck his bar in horizontally under the stone, pried it up and shook it back and forth. The water played out in spouting jets over his body and face. He turned his face up, and called:

"Look out, above there!"

And they gave him a cheery reply:

"All right! Wring her out!"

He shook the great stone loose with a mighty twist. The stone rolled into the hole. The waters leaped in.

"Lift, Morris," Beverley cried.

The flood was upon him and over him. They swung him out, half drowned, and dragged him on the bank. But he struggled blindly to his feet, shook the streaming water from his hair and eyes. He looked around confusedly for the boat, saw it on the other side, and leaped across the sluice. Through it a roaring torrent went rushing down. Below on the wooded spurs the fire burned and burned; the sky above flared red with crimson flame.

Brant seized the boat and pushed it off. He loosened the line from the bow and fastened it at the stern. The current floated the boat round toward the cut, Brant standing in the bow. The men stood watching him from the bank. Brant waved his hand, and the boat drew swiftly round, and then shot into the boiling sluice. He kneeled in the bow, and guided her as he could with his oar.

The bed of the ancient water-course was full to the brim with a rushing, roaring mountain-stream. Brant had been for a while, years back, a lumberman in a mountainous region, and had learned there something of the navigation of swift streams. That knowledge stood him in good stead to-night. Down the fierce torrent the boat whirled on; Brant kneeled, grim, in the bow, steering with the oar grasped short, swinging her off the rocks this way and that; letting her drive on madly where the course was straight, catching a purchase on the bottom, or a passing rock, to slow her through a dangerous pass. He knew every foot of the way. The first half-mile of ravine, though steep, was nearly straight, and quite open, with low banks, sloping upward, right and left. The terrible glare of the fire far below shone full upon its course. But below Brant knew it would wind among high, dark hills and crags. He took advantage of an eddy in a hollow to run the boat ashore. He coiled in the trailing line and knotted the end about his body, leaving the short end in a running-knot, so that he might free himself and let the boat drive if it came to the worst. Then he leaped back to his place in the bow, and pushed off again into the stream. She drifted slowly round in the eddy, then, suddenly caught in the rushing current, whirled on again down-stream. The torrent was narrower now, and deeper, and fearfully swift. It was all he could do to keep her head on and let her drive.

The shadow of the higher hills came over him suddenly. The rocky walls swept up on either hand. The torrent hissed and boiled through narrow, gloomy banks; the boat went swirling, plunging

down the dark defiles. The gloom in there was black to one just out of the upper glare; Brant was blind with the dashing spray, and deaf with the wild, hollow roar. In and out among sheer rocks and overhanging crags; through swirling whirlpools; over sudden rapids, thundering among black rocks; down straight, swift-flowing shoots; round fearful curves by rocks, white, high with foam and spray; eddying, swirling, down and down, the rock-heights towering terrible on either hand, and here and there, high above, dire glimpses of the awful, blood-red sky. The boat bumped now and then against a rock, but she was strongly built of heavy wood, and shivered off one way or other, whirling on and striking again in a minute farther down. One full, square blow on some projecting edge or point would inevitably have staved her in; but, by good luck, she nearly always struck more or less obliquely, and slid off from the roughest blows nearly as tight and stout as before; she swept on, whirling, rushing, foaming, blundering down the swift, wild mountain-tarn. Brant's brain spun in a dizzy whirl; he was blind, and dazed, and deaf with the roar and gloom, and the showering spray. He lost all control of the boat, all sense of place or time. He could only cling to the gunwale for his life, stare grimly out, with half-blind eyes, at the black, spray-whitened, dizzy-whirling cliffs, and trust to Heaven for the rest.

Clinging and driving so, of a sudden there struck upon his ear a deeper roar. The boat lurched forward, sliding swiftly down a straight, smooth, narrow pass. A roar like distant thunder sounded from below; he felt a heavy tremor in the air. The boat swept down with a tremulous speed. Brant felt her leap out suddenly, as if shot from a bow, and then dive down, bows first, through a cloud of spray, and strike the water with one swashing plunge. He was in the water instantly, hurled along by a flood that swept over and round him. Then he was up again, shaking the water from his face, still desperately clinging to the boat, capsized, and sweeping, bottom up, downstream. Somehow he struggled ashore and dragged out the boat; got her over, and launched again, keel down. He does not know how he did it; that terrible passage is more like a frightful nightmare to him now than a real night's work. His oar was gone; he cut loose the other, lashed to the thwarts. He remembered his pockets were full of water when he felt in them for his knife. He knew where he was now; he had shot the fall over Cave Rock. All night he had feared that spot more than any thing outside the fire; he had shot it before he knew, and was safe below, Heaven be praised!

There were rough places below, rock-gorges steep and winding, where the pent-up torrent seethed, and foamed, and roared in its headlong whirl under toppling, gloomy crags; straits utterly desperate to one less bold of heart or strong or supple of frame. But there was only one point above the upper wood-belt that Brant much feared after Cave Rock Shoot, and that was the rapids that he knew must by this time be foaming madly over Staircase Ledge a mile or less below.

How he passed that mile in safety; how he clambered on the rocks above the Staircase thundering just below, and let the skiff drive down the foaming ledge, he, meanwhile, picking a dangerous footing along the slippery bank, and keeping the boat in hand by the long line at her stern; how he dragged her, bottom-up, into a cove of dead water, and got her righted once more, need not be told at large. He cut his oar loose again, leaped back to his place, and pushed out into the stream. Sweeping down, not without danger, through Mum's Alley, a gap in a lower rocky ridge, he drifted round a bend and looked out eagerly for the belt of woodland that had here swept abreast of the hills. On either hand the scorched earth stretched away, black with soot and ashes, here and there stray stumps and fallen trees smouldering more and more thickly and brightly as he advanced. The trees had grown quite close to the old ravine, some of them even down in the bed of the ancient stream. He felt the boat bump heavily on a stump as he looked. Before him the line of fire swelled up and waved and flared. He heard its roar, saw the red sheets of flame sweep higher and fiercer as he neared. A choking wave of smoke puffed and rolled upon him. The air was full of flying sparks and flakes of fire; he felt his throat parched by the hot, dry, furnace-breath.

Close before him now there swept and wrapped the terrible marching lines of towering, blasting, awfully-roaring fires. Brant threw off his coat, dipped it quickly over the gunwale into the stream. He threw himself down in the bottom of the boat and covered his face with the dripping cloth. He heard the water bubbling round the boat, the rush-

ing, roaring sound of the wind-swept flames. He felt the air grow hotter and hotter about him; he breathed with difficulty; he felt the cloth grow suddenly dry and hot upon his face; he wondered if he could hold out through it. A smothering, half-baked feeling of faintness stole upon him; but still he dimly heard the water bubble and the fire rush and roar as in a horrid dream; he thought he must be floating in the fire for miles.

Then there came suddenly a great dull bump, and he heard the sound of the water rushing by. He knew in an instant what that meant—the boat was stopped in the stream in the midst of the blasting fire: to stay so a minute's time, he knew was death!

Instantly he was on his feet; he saw that the boat was wedged between two trees that were all on fire overhead. The air was full of burning boughs, cinders crinkling, and sparks in glittering clouds. He felt the air about his face like the breath of a furnace. His skin seemed to blister and peel; his eyes grew blurred and blind with the scorching glare, he tried to hold his breath, his vitals felt on fire. By a half-blind, desperate effort, he forced the boat back on one side; then instinctively threw himself into the water and towed along half-consciously by the line at the stern. And so, more dead than alive, between the blasting heat and the drowning water, he was slowly drawn down beyond the line of the upper wood-belt, and managed to drag himself over the stern and throw himself down in the bottom; and then lay there in a kind of swoon. Below there were other fires, but the bed of the stream was clear of trees and the current flowed swift and smooth.

So the battered boat went floating, floating down among the hills; and Brant lay still, and gathered up his strength and courage for the end. And the end drew swiftly on—nearer and nearer, brave Brant, than you knew or thought.

IV.

Painfully gaining the first level space above the head of the valley, old Jess and Allan leaned upon a trunk to breathe, and looked back with longing, fearful eyes. Below them, east, and west, and south, surged up and swept a sea of fierce red flame.

"Mirawama," the old man muttered. "Look, Jess, the red-skins' name has come true again at last. The Valley of the Blood-red Flower—the blood-red flower of fire!"

"Oh, Allan, it's an awesome sight!" she said.

She shuddered and clung closer to his side. A tongue of fire crept round the hill at the head of the valley, and ran flaming among the dry grass in the bottom they had passed; but now old Allan started up.

"Come, Jess," he said. "It's time to move on."

Above and around them stretched the unbroken forest, a mile yet up on the hills. The bed of the old ravine was bare of trees, but covered with a thick, brown mat of dead hill-grass, inflammable as tow.

The old pair turned off round the hammock to the left, and tottered wearily on up the course of the old ravine. The hill sloped gently up on either hand; beyond, to right and left, they caught a moment's sight of some higher flare of flame; across the fiery heavens to the north long lines of rolling smoke-clouds trailed and trailed. And God knows, if ever human flesh was utterly weary, that old pair were that night, in heart and frame. But they struggled on half-blindly, hoping against hope, clinging together, tottering on, striving for life and love.

"Remember Brant, Jess, dear, and don't give up," Allan said, though his brave old heart was ready to faint in his breast. "Remember Brant, and Flo, and dear little Ess, and try a little farther for their sake!"

A little farther up they turned a curve and stood still. They stared up toward the higher hills, a horrible red glare on their fearful faces, an inexpressible awe and dread looking out of their scared old eyes. Then old Jess broke out in a low, wild wail, and sank down on the ground, covering her face and rocking desolately to and fro.

"O God, O God!" she moaned. "No hope—no hope!"

Across their path above, a wall of fire swept its flaring barricades. Old Allan put his hand up to his head in a dumb, vague, aimless way. He saw there was no possible chance of escape; all round the awful fires blazed and swept, and eat in closer and closer upon the poor, beset old souls. There were no sheltering rocks within the fiery lines; everywhere stretched up a funeral-pile prepared of sapless forest-trees; under their feet lay thick and soft the carpet of matted mountain-grass that would burn as flax. Any minute they might be in the heart of a fiery furnace—a cinder dropping, a burn-

ing twig wind-borne, might turn this gloomy hollow any instant to a seething pit of flame: What could the old man do?

There was only one thing now that he could do, and he turned to that. An awfully dreary feeling of utter desolation stole upon him overwhelmingly, but he forced it back for her sake. He sat down on the sloping bank and took her in his true old arms; he laid her head upon his breast and stroked her thin, smooth, gray-streaked hair, tenderly as to a child. He tried his best to comfort her. He saw there was no chance or possibility of escape; he strove hard not to beguile himself or her with vain, delusive hopes. The awful fires closed in pitilessly around, east slowly, fiercely, down the slopes above on every hand. Wherever they looked, death stared them grimly, horribly in the face. The air grew hot and dry as an oven's breath; dense, blinding, suffocating puffs of smoke rolled over them now and again. Their lips and throats were parched and scorching hot; a consuming thirst devoured them. He tried to encourage her, to cheer and strengthen her for the last great trial, from which his own soul recoiled with instinctive horror. He murmured bravely to her of the men and women who through faith endured of old all this and more; of their constancy, their incredible fortitude, their unseen angel-comforters in the awful hour. In a low voice, ineffably sweet and dear to her in that dread hour, when even God Himself seemed to have forgotten His beleaguered children, he talked to her of the glorious city beyond, where trouble, and trial, and parting, come no more; where none are weary, or pained, or heavy-hearted, neither desolate nor fearful any more, but all have love, and peace, and rapture, unalloyed for evermore.

"Don't fret ye, Jessie, dear," the old man murmured; "it wrings my poor heart. It'll soon be over, Jess, and we'll bear each other company, and love and help each other to the end. And think of the glory beyond, Jess, dear; of the peaceful, happy heaven on the other side. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared.' 'They shall obtain joy, and gladness, and sorrow, and sighing shall flee away.' 'There's nae sorrow there, nae cauld, and nae care; the day is aye fair in the land o' the leal.' 'And they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and lead them unto living fountains of waters.'"

"O, Allan, Allan!" the poor old soul sobbed out upon his breast. "I know, I know; and I hope and trust in Him. But it's awful to think of, Allan; and I'm burned with the thirst. If it was any other way—if I might see Brant once more and drink my fill of the cool, sweet water at the spring on the clover hill, I could go and be glad."

"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor sighing; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away. Neither shall the heat nor the sun smite them, for He that hath mercy upon them shall lead them, even by the springs of water shall He guide them."

Springs of water—living fountains, saidst thou? Art thou a prophet, old man with the thin, gray hair and grizzled face? have the grand old words heard of John in the spirit in Patmos inspired thee too? What is this at thy feet as thy lips cease to murmur the solemn, blissful words? As the Lord liveth and loveth mercy, a silver thread of water trickles down through the dry grass at thy side, and comes fuller and freer, widens and deepens, and goes singing down the ravine, foaming, dashing, showering spray, swelling up every minute deeper and wider, swift and strong!

Leap up, old fainting hearts! Leap and be glad—laugh, and weep, and shout for joy, while the wild torrent swells, and roars, and rushes foaming on. Lie down and lave your hot old cheeks and hands—drink your heart's fill of the pure, cold, God-sent stream—let the waves dash over your grizzled heads—look up at each other with streaming hair and eyes; laugh, and cry, and embrace, like children at their play! Lift up your streaming faces toward the lurid sky; give glory, and honor, and majesty to Him who hath shown mercy, whose name is above every name—to the Lord who only doeth wondrous things, who liveth, and ruleth, and reigneth over all for evermore!

"Look, Jess. By Heaven, a boat, a boat!"

Out of the fire, just above, a boat comes floating swiftly on the swelling tide. At Allan's cry, a tall form leaps up suddenly and stands staring a moment in the drifting boat, every feature plainly seen in that fierce glare—face and hands black with soot and grime;

blistered and scorched with fire; his hair and beard burned almost to the skin; his clothes hanging all in shreds and tatters, burned and torn half off his body, and yet, for all that, as stalwart and manly a frame as ever stepped or strove. One instant he stood and stared. Then a shout went up from his great throat and his big, brave heart, that sent the joyful echoes ringing far among the hills; such a wild, full-throated cry of joy and victory as those desolate old Grimmels have not heard since Monicoma warriors whooped among their rocks and crags.

The boat sweeps opposite to where the old pair stand. One wild bound upon the bank, and his great arms lift her up and lay the thin old face close to the singed, black beard.

"Mother—mother! Alive—alive!"

"O Brant, Brant!"

Her head sinks on his breast; he lifts her and lays her gently down in the boat in a swoon.

"In with you, father," he cries. "The fire is on us!"

He covers them over hastily, throws himself into the water, and goes drifting down the stream through the closing, baffled fires—half-swimming, half-towing, guiding the boat as he can in the strongest flow. Then he lifts out the dear old form, sprinkles her face, and woos her back to life.

And henceforth to the end he shall, by Heaven's grace, go in and out within her sight, and she shall daily see his bright, loved face, and hear his great, deep, hearty laughter ringing; and they two shall not part again for long, until the tottering old feet have found their rest at last, and the unseen troubled river flows between!

SONNETS.

I.

TO —.

I FELT myself forgot by Heaven and thee,
It seemed to me each day had dawned in vain;
And what each day brought round was naught to me,
It told no news of thee, it brought thee not again.
Each morn a pang shot through me when I woke,
A weight hung on me which I dragged all day;
I wished I need not speak whene'er I spoke,
Yet I must bear myself in cheerful way.
Oh, how my heart did beg for only one,
One pitying friend from whom it need not hide.
For, in such grief, 'twas hard to be alone,
Yet the cold blast razed not my tower of pride.
I shivered in the snow; the lonely night
Hung silently around, there seemed no hope of light.

II.

THE BEGGING HEART

I F kings should lay their sceptres at my feet,
And pay me homage; yet, were I not blest.
I ask yet more. Beggar that walk'st the street
With unshod foot! even thou couldst give me rest.
Thou hast a human heart, and thou couldst give
What would be more than kingdoms unto me;
Couldst give sweet bread on which my soul might live,
Might I but do some act of love for thee.
And wouldst thou in requital give me love,
I would receive it with a moistened eye;
Such craving for this bread my heart doth move,
Oh, meanest wretch that walk'st my window by!
Rather by toiling would I win from thee
One crumb, than that the world should coldly kneel to me.



ON THE BOQUET RIVER.

THE above engraving of a picture by Smillie represents a scene on the Boquet River, in Essex County, New York, which lies in the northern section, on Lake Champlain, about one hundred miles from Albany. With the exception of a narrow strip of land on the shores of Champlain, the whole of Essex County is covered with mountains, which in general are the highest east of the Mississippi, though they are slightly surpassed in altitude by a few of the peaks of the White Mountains of New Hampshire and of the Black Mountains of North Carolina. These mountains form five distinct ranges, of which the largest and loftiest is the Adirondack. From one of these great ranges, which takes its name from the river, flows the Boquet, which, after a short and turbulent course, makes its way eastward to Lake Champlain. The lower part of its valley, after it quits the Adirondack Wilderness, contains a large part of the scanty arable land of the county. Elizabethtown, the county seat, a village of several hundred inhabitants, is on the Boquet, near the foot of several high peaks. Near the village, for a couple of miles or so, the river widens into a pleasant, lazy stream,

beautifully wooded on both banks. It is from a point in this vicinity that our view is taken. It shows a glimpse of the neighboring mountains, among which the most prominent are Raven Hill and the huge peak fancifully named the Giant of the Valley.

Various accounts are given of the origin of the name of the Boquet. Some derive it from *baquet*, the French for bucket, tub, or trough; others from *bosquet*, a thicket. Some assert that it takes its name from the English Colonel Boquet, who encamped upon its borders in the colonial wars; but Street says it was named, at an earlier period, from the flowers upon its banks. Be that as it may, it is undoubtedly one of the loveliest and most romantic of American rivers, and will long afford subjects for the pencils of our landscape-painters.

Burgoyne, in his famous expedition from Canada to Saratoga, encamped for some time on the banks of the Boquet, where he made a speech to his Indian allies, advising against indiscriminate slaughter of the colonists.

THE NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAINS.

LENOIR, CALDWELL COUNTY, N. C., August 20, 1870.

To the Editor of the Journal:

LET me say a few words more on the subject of the North Carolina mountains, and try to make them of "practical value" to those interested. Your correspondent from Cambridgeport, Mass., gives your readers directions how to reach Asheville; I would like to tell them how to get to Lenoir. I am willing to accede all that your correspondent claims for Asheville; but still, I think, we have some advantages here that are not to be despised.

Take, then, a through-ticket from New York to Salisbury, N. C., by way of Washington, Aquia Creek, Richmond, Danville, and Greensborough. From Salisbury take the Western North Carolina Railroad; but do not go on so far as Morgantown. Stop at Hickory Station. From thence it is only *nineteen* miles to our little mountain-town. (Your correspondent is mistaken in regard to the distance from Morgantown to Asheville; instead of forty, it is full *sixty* miles, over a terrible road.) From this point the finest localities of all this region are within easy distance. We hope yet to see this a centre from which tourists and artists may start out on their mountain-excursions.

The small mountain—small, that is, for this country, of which I spoke in my former letter—"Hibriton" had, before the war, a fine, graded road to the very top. Of course, the road is now out of repair; but it is by no means a very bad one. I rode over it a short time ago, and found it much better than some roads that are more travelled. It is only five miles by carriage, and, to walk by a shorter path, not much more than three from the middle of the town to the summit. I told you before of the exquisite view.

To go on to the "Grandfather," is only a little more than a day's journey. Starting from Lenoir in the morning, you can go to the top of the Blue Ridge long before nightfall; some very fine lookouts, by the way, already rewarding the traveller. One especially, from a point called the "Blowing Rock," is peculiarly interesting. A high bluff of rock juts out from the top of the mountain, and the formation of the valley below is such that a continual stream of air is ever rushing up this precipice, and curving over the rock at the top. It is a favorite amusement with visitors to throw their hats down into the yawning gulf beneath, and see them tossed back again by the ever-ascending current of air. You realize how deep the valley is as you see the John's River as it flows on through a heavily-timbered country, looking like a little brown snake crawling among huckleberry-bushes—so the great distance down dwarfs every thing. Resting for the night at one of the several houses at which travellers can be entertained at a very cheap rate, in the morning you can start fresh and ascend the grand old "Grandfather." This mountain, as seen from this side, has the profile of a giant face—the forehead, nose, mouth, and flowing beard strongly defined; and there it lieth, ever looking up to the sky in calm and passionless repose.

The very finest and most extensive views of all are to be obtained from the "Roan." The top of this mountain is perfectly bare; no trees are there as an obstruction on any side. It is between six and seven thousand feet high, of imposing and peculiar formation, and covered with rich pastures. You can ride over it on horseback; and those who desire to do so, can remain during the night on the summit, as there is a fine *spring of water* there and plenty of food for the horses. This is a mountain that no tourist can afford to overlook. And the "Linville," with its magnificent falls, frowning rocks, and wonderful ravines! The river dashes down, with two leaps, a distance of one hundred and twenty feet into a deep basin, and thence it runs on through a wild gorge for over thirteen miles. Oh, what a wealth of study and enjoyment is here for the artist and the lover of Nature! This scenery cannot be reached from Asheville without a long, circuitous travel. Asheville lies, from here, far off on the other side of the "Black Mountain"—all these localities, of which I have spoken, are between Lenoir and the "Black." Watauga County, which borders immediately upon Caldwell, is all picturesque. It is just one grand mountain-roll after another, with scarcely any bottom-land between. The air, as the writer from Massachusetts avers, is so full of life and vigor that, under its exhilarating influence, one forgets fatigue, and feels as if endowed with wings. I could tell you much of detail,

but I do not consider that necessary to my present purpose—that is to say, that Lenoir is accessible, and that from it the most charming scenery and the most magnificent points of view are readily reached.

I cannot say a great deal about our hotel accommodation; still, I can always promise a comfortable bed, and good, substantial fare. Many of our best families, reduced by the war, will receive boarders. The average price of board is sixteen dollars per month.

We have many cultivated and refined people here, who are ready to extend a friendly greeting to any one who comes to enjoy with them the beauty which the beneficent All-Father has so lavished on this lovely land. If the tide of travel should turn this way, the demand will create the supply, and our roads, travelling-conveniences, and hotels, soon be equal to the needs of the public.

For the artists, I am particularly anxious that they should know this country. We have been gladdened, during the past few weeks, by the presence among us of a French gentleman, a landscape-artist of ability, unknown in America, but who will yet be heard from through his works, which are thoroughly studied, and distinguished for their depth and richness of color. He is talking of making Lenoir his permanent residence. To those who have an eye for color especially, this region has abundant charms: this indescribable atmosphere; this golden glow—words can only utterly fail to give any idea of it; art alone can, and that only approximately.

AN ARTIST'S WIFE.

IN OCTOBER.

I.

O H, weary and lonely—oh, dreary and lonely
Were the shadows that lay on the earth and the sky,
At the time when we parted, almost broken-hearted,
For a year to be severed, my lover and I.

II.

For dying so slowly, and sighing so lowly,
Went the wind down the valley, all dismal and drear;
And I cried, "O October! O fading October!
O saddest and gloomiest month of the year!"

III.

Oh, yellow the sunshine—oh, mellow the sunshine
That fell on the earth when the year was gone by;
When, in the glad weather, we walked there together,
No more to be parted, my lover and I.

IV.

For brightly the birds flew, and lightly the winds blew,
And earth to my eyes was so lovely and dear,
I sang, "O October! O golden October!
O brightest and loveliest month of the year!"

THE ARAB STORY-TELLER.

THE engraving on the first page of this week's JOURNAL, from a painting by Boulanger, a French artist, represents one of the most characteristic scenes of Oriental life; a story-teller at the door of a tent, entertaining an audience with some marvellous and romantic tale like those of the "Arabian Nights." The scene of this particular picture is in Northern Africa, in the land of dates, and the romancer and his auditors are Arabs of the tribes who roam on the slopes of the Atlas, or the edge of the great Desert of Sahara.

Some of the most experienced and most accurate of the European travellers in the East have borne striking testimony to the fondness of the Arabs for romantic stories, and to the skill of the story-tellers. Dr. Russell, in his "History of Aleppo," says that the recitation of these tales somewhat resembles a dramatic performance. It is not merely a simple narrative. The story is animated by the manner and action of the speaker, whose performances in the coffee-houses of Aleppo are thus described:

"He recites walking to and fro in the middle of the coffee-room, stopping only now and then, when the expression requires some emphatic attitude. He is commonly heard with great attention; and, not unfrequently, in the midst of some interesting adventure, when the expectation of his audience is raised to the highest pitch, he breaks off abruptly, and makes his escape from the room, leaving both his hero, or heroine, and his audience, in the utmost embarrassment. Those who happen to be near the door endeavor to detain him, insisting on the story being finished before he departs; but he always makes his retreat good; and the auditors, suspending their curiosity, are induced to return at the same hour next day to hear the sequel."

But the Arabs who dwell in tents are even more partial to these stories than those who live in cities. Volney says:

"They have a peculiar passion for such stories, and employ in them almost all their leisure, of which they have a great deal. In the evening they seat themselves on the ground, at the door of their tents, or under cover, if it be cold, and there, ranged in a circle round a little fire, their pipes in their mouths and their legs crossed, they sit a while in silent meditation; till, on a sudden, one of them breaks forth with 'once upon a time,' and proceeds to recite the adventures of some young sheik and female Bedouin. He relates in what manner the youth first got a secret glimpse of his mistress, and how he became desperately enamoured of her; he minutely describes her loveliness; extols her black eyes, as large and soft as those of the gazelle; her languid and impassioned looks; her arched eyebrows, resembling two bows of ebony; her waist straight and supple as a lance; he forgets not her steps, light as those of the young filly; nor her eyelashes, blackened with *kohl*; nor her lips, painted blue; nor her nails, tinged with the golden-colored henna; nor her breasts, resembling two pomegranates; nor her words, sweet as honey. He recounts the sufferings of the young lover, so wasted with desire, that his body no longer yields any shadow. At length, after detailing his various attempts to see his mistress, the obstacles on the part of the parents, the invasions of the enemy, the captivity of the two lovers, etc., he terminates to the satisfaction of the audience by restoring them, united and happy, to the paternal tent, and by receiving the tribute paid to his eloquence."

Disraeli, who, in his younger days, travelled extensively in the East, describes, with much animation, in his novel of "Tancred," the performances of an Arab poet in an encampment near the ruins of an ancient city in the vicinity of the Red Sea. Here is the passage:

"It was the first night of the new moon, and the white beams of the young crescent were just beginning to steal over the lately flushed and empurpled scene. The air was still glowing, and the evening breeze, which sometimes wandered through the ravines from the gulf of Akabah, had not yet arrived. Tancred, shrouded in his Bedouin cloak, and accompanied by Baroni, visited the circle of black tents, which they found almost empty, the whole band, with the exception of the scouts, who are always on duty in an Arab encampment, being assembled in the ruins of the amphitheatre, in whose arena, opposite to the pavilion of the great sheik, a celebrated poet was reciting the visit of Antar to the temple of the fire-worshippers, and the adventures of that greatest of Arabian heroes among the effeminate and astonished courtiers of the generous and magnificent Nushirvan."

"The audience was not a scanty one, for this chosen detachment of the children of Rechab had been two hundred strong, and the great majority of them were now assembled; some seated, as the ancient Idumians, on the still entire seats of the amphitheatre; most squatted in groups upon the ground, though at a respectful distance from the poet; others standing amid the crumbling pile and leaning against the tall, dark fragments just beginning to be silvered by the moonbeam; but, in all their countenances, their quivering features, their flashing eyes, the mouth open with absorbing suspense, were expressed a wild and vivid excitement, the heat of sympathy, and a ravishing delight."

"When Antar, in the tournament, overthrew the famous Greek knight, who had travelled from Constantinople to beard the court of Persia; when he caught in his hand the assassin spear of the Persian satrap, envious of his Arabian chivalry, and returned it to his adversary's heart; when he shouted from his saddle that he was the lover of Ibla and the horseman of the age—the audience exclaimed, with rapturous earnestness, 'It is true! it is true!' although they were guaran-

teeing the assertions of a hero who lived, and loved, and fought, more than fourteen hundred years before. Antar is the Iliad of the desert; the hero is the passion of the Bedouins. They will listen forever to his forays, when he raised the triumphant cry of his tribe, 'Oh! by Abs—oh! by Adnan;' to the narratives of the camels he captured, the men he slew, and the maidens to whose charms he was indifferent, for he was 'ever the lover of Ibla.' What makes this great Arabian invention still more interesting, is, that it was composed at a period antecedent to the Prophet: it describes the desert before the Koran, and it teaches us how little the dwellers in it were changed by the introduction and adoption of Islamism."

"As Tancred and his companion reached the amphitheatre, a ringing laugh resounded."

"Antar is dining with the King of Persia after his victory," said Baroni; "this is a favorite scene with the Arabs. Antar asks the courtiers the name of every dish, and whether the king dines so every day. He bares his arms, and chucks the food into his mouth without ever moving his jaws. They have heard this all their lives, but always laugh at it with the same heartiness. Why, Shedad, son of Amroo," continued Baroni to an Arab near him, "you have listened to this ever since you first tasted liban, and it still pleases you!"

"I am never wearied with listening to fine language," said the Bedouin; "perfumes are always sweet, though you may have smelled them a thousand times."

"Except when there was some expression of feeling elicited by the performance—a shout or a laugh—the silence was absolute. Not a whisper could be heard; and it was in the most muffled tone that Baroni intimated to Tancred that the great sheik was present, and that, as this was his first appearance since his illness, he must pay his respects to Amalek. So saying, and preceding Tancred, in order that he might announce his arrival, Baroni approached the pavilion. The great sheik welcomed Tancred with a benignant smile, motioned to him to sit upon his carpet, rejoiced that he was recovered, hoped that he should live a thousand years, gave him his pipe, and then, turning again to the poet, was instantly lost in the interest of his narrative. Baroni, standing as near Tancred as the carpet would permit him, occasionally leaned over and gave his lord an intimation of what was occurring."

"After a little while, the poet ceased. Then there was a general hum and great praise, and many men said to each other, 'All this is true, for my father told it to me before.' The great sheik, who was highly pleased, ordered his slaves to give the poet a cup of coffee, and, taking from his own vest an immense purse, more than a foot in length, he extracted from it, after a vast deal of research, one of the smallest of conceivable coins, which the poet pressed to his lips, and, notwithstanding the exiguity of the donation, declared that God was great."

"O sheik of sheiks," said the poet, "what I have recited, though it is by the gift of God, is in fact written, and has been ever since the days of the giants; but I have also dipped my pen into my own brain, and now I would recite a poem which I hope some day may be suspended in the temple of Mecca. It is in honor of one who, were she to rise to our sight, would be as the full moon when it rises over the desert. Yes, I sing of Eva, the daughter of Amalek" (the Bedouins always omitted Besso in her genealogy), "Eva, the daughter of a thousand chiefs. May she never quit the tents of her race! May she always ride upon Nejid steeds and dromedaries, with harness of silver! May she live among us forever! May she show herself to the people like a free Arabian maiden!"

"They are the thoughts of truth," said the delighted Bedouins to one another; "every word is a pearl."

"And the great sheik sent a slave to express his wish that Eva and her maidens should appear. So she came to listen to the ode which the poet had composed in her honor. He had seen palm-trees, but they were not as tall and graceful as Eva; he had beheld the eyes of doves and antelopes, but they were not as bright and soft as hers; he had tasted the fresh springs in the wilderness, but they were not more welcome than she, and the soft splendor of the desert moon was not equal to her brow. She was the daughter of Amalek, the daughter of a thousand chiefs. Might she live forever in their tents, ever ride on Nejid steeds and on dromedaries with silver harness, ever show herself to the people like a free Arabian maiden!"

"The poet, after many variations on this theme, ceased amid great plaudits."

"He is a true poet," said an Arab, who was, like most of his brethren, a critic; "he is, in truth, a second Antar."

"If he had recited these verses before the King of Persia, he would have given him a thousand camels," replied his neighbor, gravely.

"They ought to be suspended in the temple of Mecca," said a third.

"What I most admire is his image of the full moon—that cannot be too often introduced," said a fourth.

"Truly, the moon should ever shine," said a fifth. "Also, in all truly fine verses there should be palm-trees and fresh springs."

"Tancred, to whom Baroni had conveyed the meaning of the verses, was also pleased. Having observed that on a previous occasion the great sheik had rewarded the bard, Tancred ventured to take a chain, which he fortunately chanced to wear, from his neck, and sent it to the poet of Eva. This made a great sensation, and highly delighted the Arabs."

KING WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.

WILLIAM I. is a stalwart monarch of a stalwart race. The physical vigor of the modern Prussian people needs no relating; and physical vigor is stamped upon every feature and motion of their king. No more perfect type of certain characteristics of his subjects could be found. Not more identified is William in this respect with the nationality from which he springs, and of which he is the head, than in other respects he is identified with the royal house of which he is the representative. Like every Prussian sovereign, with a single exception, he is a warlike king. Like all of them, with no exception, he is obstinate, wilful, fearless, and unamenable in his determinations. One would scarcely find material for many resemblances between William and his great-uncle, Frederick II.; but in these two qualities—a martial taste and spirit, and a firmness which reaches the point of stubbornness—their characters are singularly like. But William lacks the quick wit and keen penetration of Frederick, and Frederick was wanting in the bluff frankness and sunny good-humor—a good-humor as healthy and hearty as his physique—of William. Frederick, while a man of action, was subtle, even speculative, as a statesman; William is wholly a man of action, a blunderer in statecraft, surprisingly unapt in the conception of great measures.

No one who has ever seen William could avoid being struck at once by many marked traits of his person and bearing. The writer saw him on an occasion of rare interest, made doubly so by a retrospection after more recent momentous events. It was when, accompanied by his handsome son and his crafty premier, he went to Paris, in 1867, as the guest of the Emperor Napoleon III. There had been whispers of war; but they had quite blown over. It seemed as though a long era of peace had dawned. The emperor had inaugurated the exposition, ostensibly to usher in that happy period; and the most formidable of his rivals had come, alike to honor French majesty, the splendors of Paris, and the world's industry. As these two sovereigns sat more than amicably together in the imperial barouche, the contrast between them told strikingly in favor of the Prussian monarch. As he appeared then, William was tall, almost straight, broad-shouldered, sinewy, compactly formed. His chest was full and large, and there was the hint of physical prowess in body and limb. Finest and most prepossessing of all were the head and face. The true German breadth, openness, frankness of countenance; the head boldly and proudly—the least bit haughtily—lifted up, and held steadily; the half-bald forehead, not high nor intellectual, but fair and open, and with a touch of pugnacity; the almost white, thick hair, brushed not too carefully, but with the best effect; the light, clear, really genial blue eyes, overshadowed by thick, white brows, quite capable of a set and unconquerable but not wrathful firmness, full now of brusque cheerfulness and infectious *bonhomie*; the bold nose, with its large, high nostrils, the nose strong and thick at the end; the wide, curved, determined mouth, crested with an imposingly thick and military white mustache; a prominent chin, round and firm-set, supported by large and strong jaws, which were mostly hid by a generous growth of thick, white side-whiskers, which curved up to the mustache—such features were indelibly stamped upon the memory, and one and all gave unmistakable hints of the character which lit them up. The king's manner and movements made the impression yet stronger. He never for a moment forgot his royalty; the calm dignity of his bearing never relaxed itself; yet there was nothing in it stiff or constrained; the demeanor was easy, gentle, and pleasant; and, as he chatted with his host, one could see how evidently he enjoyed the hospitality, and how disposed he was to return it by being frank, social, and unceremonious. His French was defective, for he was never fond of books; and so, as he could, he talked with the emperor, at intervals, in German and in (they say) exceedingly broken English. To see him with the empress was to catch a charming glimpse of the courtly manners of another

generation, which the old king had transported into this. A more gracious gallant was never seen—not too graceful, for too much ceremonious grace would have spoiled the effect of bluffly-sincere homage, which William produced. Indeed, his whole appearance was knightly, and, as you caught a glimpse of him riding by, you were forcibly struck by his resemblance to many of the portraits of mediæval heroes, or to those knights in stone who are stretched, their legs crossed, on the pavements of many an old European castle-chapel and vaulted cathedral-nave. Never did William seem more knightly than when he appeared, on horseback, at a review given in his honor by the emperor. Then was the straight, hoary head crested by the famous helmet of Prussia, with its speared peak, and the massive jaw held by its metal belt; orders glistened on the broad breast; and he seemed, in his martial guise, another Barbarossa, arisen to awe and captivate the world.

All Europe was half-startled, half-amused, when William, on his accession, in 1861, to the throne, naively made confession of his faith in the divine right and sanction of kings. He was little known then, or all Europe would, doubtless, have simply smiled. His very simplicity and lack of craftiness, impelled the speech. He spoke it as if to doubt that creed had never crossed his mind, and as if it were quite inconceivable that any one else could doubt it. It was an axiom, enunciated for formality's sake. Few royal houses could, indeed, lay a stronger claim to divine sanction—if antiquity confers divine sanction—than that of Hohenzollern-Brandenburg. It had a Swabian origin, as far back as the ninth century, when the family was established among the Gothic nobles by one Count Tassilo. He built the castle of Zoller, whence the name Hohenzollern. The elder branch of his descendants, some centuries later, became the house of Brandenburg; and from the counts and dukes of Brandenburg the present king is directly descended. If we mistake not, there has been no lack of a male representative of the house during the ten centuries from Tassilo to William; certainly a remarkable circumstance, hinting a sturdy race, and one not to be matched by any of the boasted ancient noble families of England. The present king was the second son of Frederick William III., him who so long fought Napoleon, whom Napoleon so bitterly humbled, and whose army, under Blücher, finally gave Napoleon his final overthrow at Waterloo. Frederick William III. was a man of mean intellect and narrow views, obstinate, and fond of martial habits, but perhaps the most insignificant of all the kings of Prussia. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Frederick William IV., a man, on the contrary, of decided ability and enterprise, at the same time genial to a fault, and exceedingly popular, with certain intervals of unpopularity, with the Prussians. Many readers, no doubt, remember the stories which used to come of his strange actions after he had become insane. He was twice attacked by this dreadful calamity; after the first attack he was supposed to have entirely recovered, when, on the occasion of a great feast in honor of his recovery, he shocked the court by a mad demeanor which could neither be concealed nor mistaken. He died childless, in 1861, his brother William having then been regent, by reason of the sovereign's incapacity, for three years. Frederick William IV. had the most peaceful reign vouchsafed to any Prussian king, and was the least warlike of his house.

William I. was born at Berlin, on the 22d of March, 1797, and is consequently now in the seventy-fourth year of his age. His mother, the Princess Louise of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, is said to have died, sixty years ago, broken-hearted at the humiliations which Prussia had undergone at the hands of the first Napoleon. If this be so, her son has mightily revenged his mother's grief and his father's abasement on the house of Bonaparte; for he has led captive the heir of their enemy, and has swept the race of the Napoleons from France. He was early initiated into the military profession, which was not only a proper one for a Brandenburg prince, but was the choice of his own heart, and peculiarly adapted to his character. Educated in the strict and scientific military schools of Prussia, and naturally fond of martial pursuits, he could not but become an ornament and pride to the army. He never, indeed, could claim the distinction of being a great soldier; there is no martial *genius* in him, such as Frederick II. possessed; a good disciplinarian, a capable organizer, a general well posted in military lore, and endowed with the spirit of military science, is the most that he can claim to be. His earliest experiences in the field were memorable ones. He first saw war on a large theatre, surrounded by all the imposing solemnity of an issue which should decide the fate of

empires. At sixteen he was an ornamental, beardless officer in the army of Blücher, operating in the Low Countries against Napoleon. He was present (ornamentally) at the battle of Waterloo, and thus had his "baptism of blood" under more auspicious circumstances than the Prince Imperial. It was the odd caprice of history that he should thus begin his career by taking part in the overthrow of the first emperor, and should, probably, close it by himself leading the third emperor captive! Between these two great events—the two great red-letter days of Prussian warfare—while his life has not been wanting in incident, it has lacked the stirring romance which is often the lot of even modern princes. After Waterloo, this younger son sinks, to remain long, into the obscurity of Berlin and Potsdam life and leisure. Here and there, there is a glimpse of him holding peaceful field-days, dancing and gallanting at court, and receiving plaudits in the theatre. He was the friend of Henry Wheaton, our minister at Berlin and afterward at Copenhagen—Wheaton, of international-law memory—and was fond of dancing with the envoy's excellent lady, to whom he gave a picture of the hall where they used to dance together, as a *souvenir* of that gay time. The characters of Frederick William IV. and of his brother William, and their tastes, were so dissimilar that, although there was no open breach, there was little agreement or familiarity between them. Each had his satellites and favorites, and they were in but few cases the same persons. Both, however, led gay, not too moral lives, though we believe that William was never intemperate in drinking, his *penchant* being for pretty *prime donne* and butterfly *corpsées* of the ballet. He has always evinced the greatest fondness for the drama and opera, and many are the stories told of his frequent and familiar visits behind the scenes and in the green-rooms of the great Berlin theatre. He possesses the national craving for music, and in the opera season there is scarcely even a night when he is not seen in the front of the royal box, his face full of complacent content, and his opera-glass levelled alternately at the sylphs of the stage and the beautiful dames of the *grand monde* in the boxes. It is evident, too, from the reception he never fails to meet with there, that he is well beloved of his Berlin subjects. In 1829 he married the Princess Augusta, daughter of Charles Frederick, Duke of Saxe-Weimar—if we mistake not, Goethe's duke, and the prince who also befriended Schiller. Queen Augusta has always been exceedingly popular at Berlin, having become a thorough Prussian in heart and aspiration, and her delicacy of health calling for the compassion as well as the loyalty of her subjects. She was never a beauty, like Eugénie; but, like Eugénie, has won her way to the hearts of the Berliners by her great interest in the charities, and her sympathy for the humbler classes of the people. William and Augusta are essentially an old-fashioned feudal pair, who have made up to their subjects their want of liberty by taking great care of them and using their high station in alleviating their ills. In 1831 was born Prince Frederick William, heir to the throne. He is a noble-looking fellow, hirsute and sinewy, a very Barbarossa, with his long, tawny beard, his dash and enterprise. He married Victoria, Princess Royal of England, by whom he has a sturdy little family. The only other child of the king and queen is the Princess Louise-Marie, now thirty-two years of age, and the wife of the Grand-duke of Baden. This potentate, by reason of his relationship, is more willing than are even his subjects to merge Baden into Prussia.

Thirty years ago, his brother being then on the throne, William was invested with the military and civil governorship of Pomerania; and in this satrapy he remained until, in 1848, the third French Revolution broke out. Those French Revolutions have always been ugly events to the German princes. That of 1848 was infectious, spread into Prussia, and king and princes were fain to flee Berlin, as Louis Philippe had done Paris. William, by a sort of obstinate opposition to his royal brother, had affected liberalism, and had hobnobbed with the radical university party; but found it nevertheless wise to pack up and hastily depart for the asylum which free England provides for royalties in distress. Moderate opinions, however, soon got the upper hand in Berlin, and in such good odor was William's liberalism at that day, that he was actually elected a member of the Constituent Assembly, charged with making a Constitution for the German Republic. In another year Berlin and Prussia had slid back into monarchy, by the "energetic action" of Prince William in the streets of the capital; for he shot down the populace there much as Napoleon III. did on the days succeeding the *coup d'état*. William was made, probably in consequence of this "energetic action," and of his

rallying so stoutly to the monarchical party, commander-in-chief of the Prussian forces operating against the insurrection in Baden, which was whiffed off in Prussian grape and smoke in a twinkling. Still William professed liberalism, though protesting thus "energetically" against democracy; and, when his brother's second and hopeless attack of insanity came on in 1858, he was called upon to assume the title and powers of regent of the kingdom. The confident and obstinate way in which he grasped and tightly held the reins of authority, proved that he was determined to govern as well as reign. The ministry of Frederick William IV., whom he found in power, were of the Kreuz party, the party of the nobles and proprietors and reactionists. These with little ceremony he bowed out of office, and called to his counsels a liberal cabinet, with whom he tolerably well agreed, as they took care to agree with him. On the second day of the year 1861, the insane king died; and in the following autumn William crowned himself at Königsberg, the hereditary coronation-place of the kings of Prussia, at the same time proclaiming the fine old absolutist doctrine of the divine right of kings, a doctrine of domestic infallibility in the palaces.

He very soon learned that between being the younger brother of a king, and a king, there was a vast difference. To coquette with liberalism in the one case was perhaps harmless enough; but now the bulwarks of the throne were the aristocrats. William's summer set was as sudden and complete as an American politician's. He allied himself strictly with the old Kreuz party, to which he had shown himself so hostile; and the Chamber of Deputies being (by his very influence) largely liberal, he soon embroiled himself with that body, and was, at this epoch, one of the most heartily-detested sovereigns in Christendom. He disdained to grant constitutional concessions, or to sanction political reforms, and, what with the increasing rancor between a proud court and a persistent majority of the people, Prussia really seemed to be drifting toward civil war, when a new actor came upon the scene. Count Otto von Bismarck was called to the office of prime-minister in 1862. William had blundered upon the greatest good-fortune obtained by any monarch of the age. Bismarck seems to have swept the whole situation at a glance. He seemed to chart off facts, causes, and remedies, as upon a map. He took the helm with a bold—indeed, a rude—hand. Within six months after his assumption of office, Prussia seemed on the very precipice of civil strife. Bismarck seemed to be a stern and relentless tool of the king's impatient, despotic temper; all the while the king was becoming *his* tool, and he was winning to his own hands the real power. He dissolved legislative assemblies, removed ministers, snubbed the nobles, domineered over parties. At just the proper moment, he diverted the public mind from internal discussions by undertaking, with Austria, the spoliation of Denmark. That highway robbery accomplished, Bismarck worked to gain for Prussia the preponderance in the confederation. Austria was in the way, a rival backed by nearly every one of the little states. Bismarck prepared for years for that war of 1866; it was fought against the king's inclinations, and its speedy and triumphant issue made Bismarck more indispensable than ever to the sovereign. From 1866 to 1870, Bismarck was preparing for the next war he knew he must undertake—that with France. The German empire could not be accomplished, Germany could not be absorbed under the haughty crown of the Brandenburgs, until France was crushed. To that point we have arrived.

The king has been rather averse than otherwise to each of these three wars; for, singularly enough, though warlike in his tastes, he does not seem fond of war in practice. With the character which we have described him to possess, it is no wonder that he should become as dough in the hands of a keen, crafty, far-sighted minister, absolutely devoted to the interests of his dynasty. There can be no doubt that each war has progressively strengthened that dynasty. A victorious royal house, with the chief victorious general in its heir, sits firmly on the throne. As against the German liberal party, the victories over Austria and France have terribly strengthened the autocrat, and the stern and haughty military aristocracy of which he is the head. The king's personal qualities—his *bonhomie* and bluff good-nature, his interest in what is going on, his enthusiastic love of country—do not tend to lessen that strength. Under such a sovereign, with an heir-apparent like him popular and victorious, destined to succeed him, and with such a minister, it is probable that we may ere long see a united Germany, while a free Germany is only one of the possibilities of the future.



WHAT THE SWALLOWS SAID.

THE air is cold at morn and eve—
The summer days have fled—
And on the withered, yellow grass
The leaves are falling dead.

The gardens now their last bright gifts
Before our eyes display,
The dabbias wear their rich cockades,
And marigolds are gay.

The rain-drops bubble on the pond—
The swallows feel the cold—
And noisy, chattering on the roofs,
A parting council hold.

In flocks of hundreds, lo! they come;
They gather to depart;
One sighs for Athens and his home
Upon its old rampart:

"Where cannon-balls a breach have made,
I'll build my winter's nest,
And 'neath the sculptured cornice of
The Parthenon will rest."

"At Smyrna I my chamber have,
Where stately hadjis meet,
To count their amber beads, and feel
The *café's* genial heat;

"O'er turban and tarbouche I skim,
Or at my will alight,
Accustomed to their clouds of smoke,
Which rise in billows white."

"By claws and beak," another said,
"Mid Balbec's ruins grand,
I hang upon a temple's front,
Half-buried in the sand."

"I spread my wings," a fourth one cried,
"And seaward gladly roam,
In Rhodes, the Palace of the Knights
Each winter is my home."

The fifth one spoke: "Age makes me slow,
And therefore I alight,
Between blue water and blue sky,
On Malta's terrace white."

"How happy I at Cairo am!
Within its min'rets high,
My quarters always ready are,
And thither I will fly."

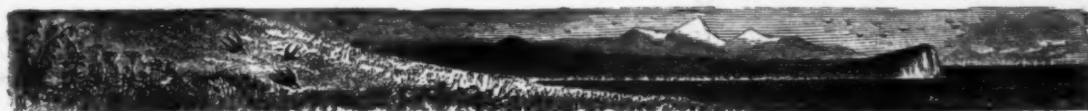
"Beyond the second cataract,"
The last one said, "I'll rest,
And 'mong those grand old granite kings
Will build my winter nest."

Then cried they all, "To-morrow we
O'er many a place will roam,
Brown plain, white peak, and deep-blue sea,
Embroidered with its foam."

Thus on the moulding's narrow ledge,
They, chattering, flapped their wings,
And joyed to see brown autumn's rust
Creep over all green things.

The poet hears—for he is but
A captive bird, who'd fly,
But ah! an unseen net-work breaks
Each flight toward the sky.

Oh, for the wings! the wings! the wings
Of Ruckert's song, to soar
To golden summer and green spring,
Forever—ever—more!



BATTLES ON THE RHINE.

EVER since the time of the Merovingian kings, ever since the world began, probably, war has tainted the Rhine-streams with human blood. The world grew wiser and saw further—produced its Galileos, its Raphaels, its Shakespeares—still, the swords crossed, and the dead men went floating down the Rhine. Dynasties, kingdoms, nations, races, passed; kings reigned and died—still, the dead men went floating down the Rhine. Nations broke their chains, nations were enslaved—still, the dead men went floating down the Rhine. Many a vintage of blood this fair river saw; many a wounded soldier crept among its vines to groan and then to die. Many times its cliffs echoed back the thunder of the cannon; many a time the storm of war tore through its vineyards. The proudest ornament of the Rhine, says the poet, is the crimson robe it wears when the enemies of Germany float dead upon its waters.

The wars of the middle ages are, as Milton says of early English history, the mere fights of kites and crows. Many of those men in steel who lived on the rocks of Rabenstein and Falkenstein fought on the Rhine-banks, and many perished in its stream. The thieves were indeed always slaying and thrusting at each other, and fighting for the plunder they stole from Nuremberg, Worms, and Spire.

The first real battles on the Rhine that are worthy of record are those by which the great Turenne won his glory. This extraordinary general, always most terrible when hardest pressed, was the son of a Duke de Bouillon, and from the earliest age showed a genius for war. Being a delicate child, he was so anxious to inure himself to the fatigues of war that he was one winter's night found by his tutor asleep on the ramparts of the town. At thirteen he went to learn arms in the camp of his uncle, Prince Maurice of Nassau, and at sixteen distinguished himself as a captain of infantry at the siege of Bois le Duc. A marshal in 1635, he went under the orders of the Cardinal de la Valette to defend Mayence from the imperialists; and there he first began to study the Rhenish frontier. But from Mayence the French army had to retreat to Metz for want of money and food. During the splendid but dangerous retreat of thirteen days, Turenne acquired the name of "Father," from his care of the soldiers. Always in the front-rank of the rear-guard, he divided his own meals with the hungry and worn; he threw away his baggage, and gave his carriage to the sick and wounded; and he even gave up his horse to a wounded man to save him from the enemy.

La Valette, to wipe away this defeat, besieged Saverne, where Turenne was wounded in the arm by a musket-shot. Scarcely recovered, he hurried to Franche Comté, and won two battles. In 1637 he helped the Duke of Saxe Weimar to take Breisach, the key of Germany in the west, and a town sixteen miles from Frankfort.

In 1644, with five thousand cavaliers and four thousand fantassins, Turenne passed the Rhine at Breisach, surprised and beat the imperialists, and relieved Fribourg. He then took Philipsbourg and Mayence, so rapid were French conquerors in those days. Left by the Duke of Enghien with only six hundred men, to keep in check on the frontier Mercy and the Duke of Lorraine, he seemed to be omnipresent at that crisis. He saved Spire; he raised the siege of Baccarat; he took Kreuznach (how familiar these names seem to us just now!); he kept the enemy from uniting their severed forces, and during the winter pushed into Swabia and Franconia and marched up to the very gates of Nuremberg. The wearied troops at last clamored for rest. Surprised in their quarters (1645) by Mercy, Turenne kept a firm front, rallied his troops, and pushed, not for the Rhine, but to Hesse, where the landgravine had promised reinforcements. When Enghien returned, the great battle of Nordlingen was fought in Bavaria. The French centre was pierced, the right wing gone, when Turenne, on the left wing with the Weimar allies, struck the Austrian army in flank, and, supported by a reserve of Hessian pikemen and musketeers, won the victory. In spite of this murderous but useless battle, the French had to retreat and intrench themselves on the Rhine behind the cannon of Philipsbourg. The campaign of 1645, however, ended, to the delight of Mazarin, by Turenne chasing the Spaniards from the electorate of Trèves.

The next campaign of Turenne on the Rhine (1646) was even more admirable. By a finely-planned and swift march he passed the Rhine at Wesel, traversed Westphalia and Hesse, and joined the Swedes. It was his strategy to win the game, and cry check to the emperor in the

fewest possible moves. Though inferior in force to the archduke, Turenne tormented and baffled him, turned his position, passed into Swabia, swept through Bavaria, threatened Franconia, and finally won the game. Maximilian cried out for peace.

Turenne then prepared to swoop on Austria; for, like Lucian's Cæsar, he thought nothing done while aught was left to do; but Mazarin now recalled the army to the Rhine. The Weimar troops, unwilling to leave Germany, refused to pass the Vosges and serve in the Low Countries. At the instigation of their mutinous generals, Reinhold and Rosen, they indeed effervesced into mutiny, drew their swords, and rode clattering and splashing across the Rhine at Strasbourg. But Turenne was not a man to bend to mutineers; alone he threw himself among their swords, and strove to persuade and coax, to threaten and order them to remain. He even rode with them as far as Philipsbourg, but it was no use. Then he broke out into a flame—that great powder-magazine, his heart, exploded with rage. He arrested Rosen; he won over two regiments. With them he flew after the rebels, overtook them in the valley of the Tauber, drove into them headlong, put them to the rout, and laid low some hundreds of these stiff-necked troopers. Then, recrossing the Rhine, Turenne defeated Montecuculi at Sommerhausen, and slew his colleague Melander. All Bavaria was then at his mercy; Austria lay bare to his sword; and the victory of Sens, won by Condé over the Spaniards, happening about the same time, brought the emperor on his knees, and the result was the Peace of Westphalia in 1648, thus terminating the terrible Thirty Years' War.

During the wars of the Fronde, Turenne remained loyal, and fought for Mazarin and the young king against Condé. By the capture of Dunkirk, and those wonderful victories over the Spaniards which led to the French conquest of half the towns in the Netherlands, Turenne obtained the Treaty of the Pyrenees, for which he was made marshal-general. If he had turned Catholic, Mazarin had offered to restore the title of constable in his favor, but he hero refused.

In 1672, when France made war on Holland, Turenne again rode to the Rhine, and crossed at Wesel. During three months, with consummate genius, and with, as usual, inferior forces, he baffled Montecuculi and his old adversary, the Duke of Lorraine, who wanted to pass the river at Mayence, Coblenz, or Strasbourg, and join William of Orange. The enemy at last fell back disgusted and mortified into Westphalia. Against the king's wish Turenne kept moving all the winter, and, uniting his troops to those of Cologne and Munster, advanced so far on the Elbe that the elector cried for peace. But Turenne had not men enough to prevent the junction of the imperialists and the Dutch, so returned to the Rhine to punish the Bishop of Wurzburg and the Elector of Trèves for breaking faith with him. During this long and tedious campaign, Turenne endeared himself to his soldiers, who were devoted to his person and proud of his fame. On one occasion Turenne, exhausted with fatigue, fell asleep under a bush. Heavy snow coming on, some of the soldiers cut branches, and spread their cloaks over them to shield him.

"What are you doing there?" he said, awakening.

"We want to preserve our father," the soldiers replied, "that is our great anxiety. If we were to lose him, who would take us back to our own country?"

In 1672, Louis XIV., who had already partly conquered Flanders, and only yielded up Franche Comté at the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1668, to obtain breathing-time for fresh preparations, invaded Holland with one hundred and thirty thousand men. All the wealth and genius of Europe seemed at the disposal of the young king. Fifty million francs had been spent in the organization of this great force. Thirty French vessels had joined an English fleet of a hundred sail to sweep the coast of Holland. Condé and Turenne were among the generals of Louis; Vauban, the greatest engineer of the world, was to conduct the sieges by the profoundest mathematical laws; Louvois, the great minister, was to regulate the finance; Luxembourg (afterward the great foe of William of Orange) was one of the commanders; Martinet (his name has become proverbial, who only a year before trained several regiments to the use of the bayonet) disciplined the infantry. There was even an historian on the royal staff, to record the victories of the *fleur-de-lis*. The twelve companies of the *gardes de corps* were all gentlemen; the *gendarmes* of the guard, the light horse, the musketeers, and the hundred Swiss, shone with gold and silver, ruffled it in silk, or braved it in velvet.

"What a war!" exclaimed Madame de Sévigné, with the prettiest

horror in the world, "the most cruel, the most perilous of which we have ever heard since the march of Charles VIII. into Italy. They tell the king that Yssel is defended with two hundred pieces of cannon, sixty thousand infantry, three great towns, and a large river."

To meet this host of Frenchmen the Dutch merchants had but twenty-five thousand poor soldiers, commanded by young Prince William of Orange, then only twenty-two, and of a feeble constitution. Four Dutch towns surrendered, and Louis came to cross the Rhine. Condé, informed by the peasants that the extreme dryness of the season had made the river passable, selected a place on an arm of the Rhine. It was only guarded by an old tower, which served as a toll-house for the ferry, and by seventeen Dutch soldiers. The Count de Guiche reconnoitred the place, and found that there was only a spot about the centre, twenty paces wide, where the cavalry would have to swim. Fifteen thousand of the king's household troops, the flower of his cavalry, plumes flowing, scarfs fluttering, corselets glittering, at once dashed in. The infantry passed over a bridge of boats and copper pontoons, invented by the redoubtable Martinet. The king himself directed, or thought he directed, the whole march. The Dutch had only five hundred troopers and two weak regiments of infantry, unsupported by artillery, to resist their assailants. A few Dutch horsemen rode into the river to attack the French, but soon retired, and the Dutch infantry, also raked by the French artillery, surrendered. Louis lost but few of his men. The Count de Nogent and some other reckless riders straggled away from the ford, and were drowned. The young Duke of Longueville, having too much wine in his hot head, fired at and killed a Dutch officer, who was on his knees begging for mercy. The Dutch infantry, enraged and in despair at this cruelty, snatched up their muskets and fired a volley, which killed the duke. A Dutch cavalry officer, seeing Condé getting out of a boat and about to mount his horse, rode up and shot him in the wrist—the only wound Condé ever received in all his battles. Paris made much of this passage of the Rhine.

"The general notion," says Voltaire, sarcastically, after the war, "was that the whole army had swum the river in the face of an entrenched host, and in spite of the artillery of an impregnable fortress called the 'Tholus'" (toll-house). "It is true," he adds, "that, if there had been a body of good troops on the other side, the enterprise would have been very perilous."

Boileau puffed himself out till he looked nearly as large as Homer, and wrote a poem in favor of Louis, and, fifteen years later, when Condé was a worn-out old veteran, Bossuet spoke of the passage of the Rhine as "the prodigy of our age and of the life of Louis le Grand."

Napoleon, however, always mathematically just about all battles but his own, spoke of the affair with great contempt as a fourth-class military operation, because in that place the river was fordable, weakened by the Waal, and only defended by a handful of men.

Instantly the French had crossed the river, Zutphen, Arnheim, Nimeguen, Utrecht, etc., surrendered. Indeed, such was the panic, that an officer named Mazel said to Turenne, "If you only give me fifty horse, I could take two or three places." But Louis, flushed by success, overshot his mark. He refused the Dutch offer to surrender Maestrecht and all the frontier towns beyond the Seven Provinces. Turenne was absent. Louvois directed the rejection. The Dutch grew desperate at this, and a mob, cruel in their wild fear, tore to pieces the patriot De Witt, and chose the Prince of Orange stadtholder. The whole country was laid under water, and the Dutch resolved, when all was lost, to sail *en masse* to their East-Indian settlements rather than become slaves of France.

In 1674 Louis had four great armies in the field; one on the borders of Spain, one in Germany, one in Flanders, and one in Franche Comté commanded by himself. The Prince of Orange fought Condé with bull-dog pertinacity at Senefé, a village in Brabant, but with no result except the loss of six thousand men on each side. The great Turenne led the army that was to scare Germany, and, passing the Rhine near Philippsbourg, a place overlooking a region of dull morasses above Spire, defeated the old Duke of Lorraine and the imperial General Cafrara at Sinsheim. With twenty thousand men Turenne then crossed the Rhine and swept the Palatinate, driving the confederate German princes beyond the Neckar and the Main.

The moment the cat passed into Lorraine the mice came back and began to nibble at Alsace. Then round flew Turenne and routed them at Mulhouse. He now began "to eat up" the Palatinate, as this

cruel old soldier of the Thirty Years' War called it. The frightened citizens from the walls of Mannheim saw two cities and twenty-five towns given to the sword and flame. At the end of this campaign there was not, said Turenne, a single enemy in France who was not a prisoner. Louis XIV. during this year had repeatedly begged Turenne to return with the troops and defend his kingdom, but he refused in a bold letter, which ended in these words:

"I know the strength of the imperial troops, the generals who command them, the country where I am; I take all on myself, and I accept the responsibility of the result."

"Turenne," says Voltaire, "never won one of those great battles that decide the destinies of nations; but still he was one of the greatest captains of Europe." Condé envied him, and Napoleon praised him.

Early in life Turenne, sent by Mazarin to rally the troops of some German allies, had passed the Rhine at Breisach (1644) and beaten the enemy; he was now to fall beside the Rhine. In 1675 he had to stop Montecuculi, the great imperialist general, from passing over the Rhine and ravaging Alsace and Lorraine. For six weeks these clever players manoeuvred without leaving an opening for the adversary. The moment at length came; and Turenne, who was on the German side of the Rhine, seized it.

"I have them," he cried, and prepared to crush them between his army and the river.

The battle was fought at Saltsbech. Turenne was cannonading the church and chateau, and giving directions for the erection of a fresh battery to stop a column of the enemy, when a shot struck him. The horse moved on twenty paces; then Turenne fell dead.

No general remained to carry out his undeveloped plans, and the soldiers, wearied of mistakes, at last called out in irony, "Turn out our father's piebald mare, and she will lead us."

"A soldier is dead to us," said Montecuculi, "who has done honor to mankind."

The French retreated, pressed hard by the imperialists, but Condé soon arrived to protect them, and the Germans then fell back.

In the wars of the Revolution, when the Prussians threatened Alsace, Hoche, who had risen from the ranks, distinguished himself, although constantly repulsed by the Duke of Brunswick, in dispatching a corps of twelve thousand men to harass Wurms, and to join Pichegru on the Rhine. The result of this manoeuvre was the dislodging of the Austrians from the lines of Wissembourg, the relief of Landau, and the liberation of Alsace. In 1794, when the Austrians were feeling secure, the French suddenly plunged across the Rhine and seized Düsseldorf. They then, under Custine, stormed Mannheim, after six different assaults, and committed frightful atrocities on the inhabitants. In 1797, when Napoleon was in Italy, Hoche, with eighty thousand men, strove to establish a Rhenish republic. Having concentrated at Andernach, he at daybreak crossed the Rhine at Neuwied, and carried the Austrian redoubts at the point of the bayonet. An obelisk at Neuwied still records the bridge that Hoche threw across to the island in the middle of the river. In the mean time, before Le Fevre could seize Frankfort, Moreau had also crossed the Rhine and fought the Austrians at Diersheim. It had been Carnot's great plan, in conjunction with Napoleon and Moreau, thus to give the Austrians no breathing-time. Moreau, with the army of the Sambre and Meuse, was to have pressed forward on the eastern frontier of Germany, supported on the left by Jourdan and the army of the Rhine, until Moreau should be in a position to communicate with Bonaparte through the Tyrol. The combined armies were then to advance on Vienna. Jourdan in front drove Wartensleben back, as Moreau did the Archduke Charles, notwithstanding the Austrian general showed superior military genius. Leaving a force to employ Moreau, the archduke suddenly joined Wartensleben, and with a superior force overwhelmed and routed Jourdan. The German peasantry rose and harassed his rear-guard, while Moreau, by a brilliant and daring retreat through the Black Forest, with difficulty saved his army.

Before crossing the Alps for the campaign of Marengo, Napoleon left the army of the Rhine in charge of Moreau, who was to watch the Germans and to cross the Rhine near Schaffhausen, and, marching on alone with his whole force, to place himself in the rear of the greater part of the Austrian army. But Moreau was too cautious for such a daring scheme; he crossed the Rhine, however, at the end of April, reached Augsburg by the 15th of July, and kept the Germans from interrupting Napoleon's invasion of the Milanese.

Bonaparte did not fight many battles on the Rhine. His great

ambition flew with such an eagle-flight as soon to sweep beyond boundaries so puny. His great victories were far away from France—in Italy, in Egypt, on the Danube, and on the Elbe. Marengo was in Piedmont, Austerlitz in Moravia. In 1813, after that terrible defeat of his exhausted army at Leipsic, when the allies killed or captured fifty thousand Frenchmen, there was much blood again shed round the Rhine. The battle of Hanau, in Hesse, was really a fight for the road to the Rhine, for the Austrians and Prussians were pressing close on the retreating emperor. Wrede and forty-five thousand Bavarians barred the path to France. The fight began in a wood near a small river and a village called Neuhoß. The French *tirailleurs* fought from tree to tree like deer-stalkers, and the Bavarians, seeing two battalions of the guards arriving to their aid, and thinking the attack was in force—always an unwise supposition, that needs confirmation—gave way; at the same time a dash of sabres on their left chased their cavalry behind the river. The road to Frankfort was now open; but the French rear-guard, of eighteen thousand, under Mortier, was still behind, so Marmont was left with three corps of infantry to cover their retreat while Napoleon pushed on to Frankfort.

The French were not out of the German claws yet. The next day Marmont made a double attack upon Wrede and the Bavarians at Hanau, which he bombarded, at the same time pushing his grenadiers over the bridge at Neuhoß; here the Bavarians on foot succeeded, and a body of a thousand or twelve hundred got across the Knitzig, but were instantly fallen on and bayoneted. At this moment Wrede himself was dangerously wounded, and his son-in-law, the Prince of Cottingen, killed on the spot. The Bavarians then drew back, and left the Frankfort road open to the French. During this battle a German miller, seeing a hard-pressed body of Bavarian infantry passing the channel of his mill-stream, driven hard by French cavalry, instantly, with infinite promptitude, pulled up the sluices, and enabled the infantry to reform. For this service to his country the miller was afterward pensioned. The French lost in this sharp action six thousand men, and the Austro-Bavarians ten thousand. This was on the 31st of October. Napoleon left Mayence on the 7th of November, arriving in Paris on the 9th, and ordered an instant conscription of three hundred thousand men. In this retreat he had only gained two victories, Dresden and Hanau; while at Gross Bären, Janer on the Katsbach, and at Culm, at Dennewitz, Mocker, and Leipsic, the allies had defeated him. In the skirmishes, too, military writers showed that France had been outnumbered in light cavalry, light infantry, and sharpshooters.

On the 25th of January Napoleon left his wife and child and departed for the frontier. Just before he departed, he exclaimed to a senator who objected to the levy as likely to produce alarm:

"Wherefore should not the whole truth be told? Wellington has entered the south, the Russians menace the northern frontier, the Prussians, Austrians, and Bavarians, threaten the east. Shame! Wellington is in France, and we have not risen in mass to drive him back. No peace, none, till we have burned Munich. I demand of France three hundred thousand men; I will form a camp of a hundred thousand at Bordeaux, another at Metz, another at Lyons. With the present levy, and what remains of the last, I will have a million of men. But I must have grown men, not these boy-conscripts who encumber the hospitals and die of fatigue on the highways. Councillors, there must be an impulse given; all must march; you, the fathers of families, the heads of the nation, it is for you to set the example. They speak of peace, and I hear of nothing but peace, when all around should echo to the cry of war."

Wishing to avoid the forty fortresses that protected the Rhine from Basel to Mayence—Mayence to the mouth of the Scheldt—the allies violated the neutrality of Switzerland and took Geneva. On the 21st of December Prince Schwarzenburg crossed the Rhine with the Austrian army at four points and advanced upon Langres. It surrendered, as did Dijon, but Lyons repulsed its assailants. Blücher and the army of Silesia advanced in four divisions, blockading the frontier fortresses of Metz, Sarre Louis, Thionville, and Luxembourg, while other troops passed the defiles of the Vosges and pressed forward to Joinville, Vitry, and Saint-Dizier, to be in communication with the central army, which had already penetrated as far as Bar-sur-Aube. Napoleon finding the allies linger at Langres, prepared, with seventy thousand men, to check them with one hundred and thirty-seven thousand, and stop their march to Paris. At Chalons he

made his stand, and struck his first blow at Brienne, the well-remembered scene of his school-days. The brave campaign which some writers think evinces Napoleon's highest genius, ended, as we all know, in the abdication of Fontainebleau.

The history of towns on the Rhine is a record of sieges and battles. Louis XIV. and Vauban built this fort; Turenne destroyed that; this village was fired by Wrede's men; this one on the opposite bank by Bonaparte's. Let us sketch a few of the Rhenish strongholds in more detail. All who have been to beautiful Coblenz have gone across to Ehrenbreitstein to see to the best advantage the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle, and the course of the first noble river from Holzenfels to Adenach. The Gibraltar of the Rhine, Ehrenbreitstein, was the old refuge and stronghold of the Electors of Trèves, who, in later times, before they lived on the other side of the river, occupied a palace at the foot of "The Broad Stone of Honor." Marshal Boufflers besieged this rock in 1688 for Louis XIV., in the wars we have described; but it laughed all efforts of his to scorn, though Vauban built the batteries, and Louis XIV., in the most flowing of wigs, strutted hither to see it surrender to his cannon. But the republicans, fiercer and less scientific, took it in 1799 after a terrible siege, during which cats rose to a florin and a half each, and horseflesh to thirty kreutzers a pound. When the French had to surrender it after the peace of Luneville, they spitefully blew it up. Byron's fine lines—

"Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shattered wall,
Black with the miner's blast, upon her height
Yet shows of what she was when shot and ball,
Rebounding idly, on her strength did light,
A tower of victory; from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watched along the plain.
But peace destroyed what war could never blight,
And laid those proud roofs bare to summer's rain"—

are no longer true. Since 1814 the Prussians devoted to the repair of this fortress the fifteen million francs which France had to pay her after the war. The government has besides expended on it one million two hundred thousand pounds. The works at Coblenz on both sides of the Rhine, Murray's "Hand-book," a reliable authority, says, can form a fortified camp to hold one hundred thousand men, and yet could be defended by a garrison of only five thousand. The magazines are capable of storing provisions for ten years for eight thousand men. The steep rock (wiffully exaggerated by Turner, who makes it touch the clouds) is defended by about four hundred pieces of cannon. The weak point, the English guide-book says, is the northwest; but three lines of wall there have quite made up for Nature's defects, and are strong enough for any number of Frenchmen's heads to knock against. The cisterns in the rock are able to hold a supply of water for three years, and there is besides a well sunk four hundred feet, and communicating with the Rhine.

Coblenz, with its fortifications, which took twenty years to complete, and which spread from the Rhine to the Moselle, commanding the approaches from Cologne and Trèves, and the roads to Mayence and Nassau, is one of the stanchest bulwarks of the Rhenish provinces, of which it is the capital. Its lines form a fortified camp capable of containing one hundred thousand men, and they unite the two systems of fortifications of Carnot and Montalembert. It has been the scene of hard fighting, for not far off, at Wissenthurm, the French under Hoche, in 1797, crossed the Rhine in spite of the Austrians, and a monument near the road-side bears the simple inscription, "L'armée de Sambre et Meuse à son Général Hoche." Near the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle, at Fort Franz, on the height of Petersbourg, is the grave of the young general; and not far off is a monument to General Marceau, another young hero of the republic, who was killed at the battle of Altenkirchen, in 1796, in attempting to cover the retreat of General Jourdan. The generals of both armies attended his funeral and wept over his grave.

At no great distance is Enger, supposed by antiquaries to be the spot where Caesar effected his second passage of the Rhine by means of a bridge which he threw across the river. In our necessarily rapid survey of the Rhine we next pass on to Mayence, on the left bank, before the war a town garrisoned by ten thousand men. This town grew up from the camp which Drusus, the son-in-law of Augustus, turned into a frontier fortress of great strength. Gustavus Adolphus, the armed defender of German Protestantism, built a fort on a tongue of land here to command both rivers. The Prussians bombarded it in 1793, and half-destroyed the old red sandstone cathedral, which in

1613 the French turned into a barrack and a magazine, much to the detriment of the old elector's monuments with which it is stuffed. Napoleon had intended to throw a double stone bridge over the Rhine at Mayence, but his reverses came, and the model alone was executed. Those who remember when, refreshed by a dinner-glass of Hochheimer, strolling out to see the sunset view of the vineyards of Wiesbaden, the Rheingau and the Taunus bathed in a flood of innocuous golden fire, will be glad to have such pleasant memories aroused. Close to Oppenheim, conspicuous by the grand ruins of the castle of Landskron, is Erfelden, where, in the winter of 1631, Gustavus Adolphus crossed the Rhine. The sturdy Swedes rowed over, singing a psalm, and there is a tradition that their king was ferried over on a barn-door. A ruinous chapel in St. Catherine's church-yard is still full of Spanish and Swedish skulls. The beautiful church at Oppenheim was half-burned by the French during the war of the Palatinate.

Every Rhenish town has its sorrows to tell of. Worms, that stately old walled town, once the residence of the Frankish Carolingian kings, was burned by Meluc in 1689, by order of Louis XIV. and of Louvois, and that shock it never recovered. Frankenthal, near at hand, was held in 1622-'23 by a band of English under Sir Horace Vere, for the elector-palatine, but Spinola and his Spaniards besieged it, and the English surrendered. Ludwigshafen, opposite Mannheim, was the scene of many revolutionary fights, and here, in 1814, the Russians, under General Sacken, forced the passage of the Rhine. No Rhenish town has been oftener fought over, bombarded, and pillaged, than "clean, pleasant, friendly Mannheim." In 1689, when the French took it, the burghers were given twenty days to raze their city to the ground; but, as they were slow in beginning, the French drove them out and set fire to the houses. The French bombarded it again in 1794, and in 1795 Wurmser and the Austrians threw into it twenty-six thousand cannon-balls and seventeen hundred and eighty bombs, so that half the palace was burned and only fourteen houses remained uninjured, when the nine thousand seven hundred French soldiers surrendered.

Spire, too, has had its trials. In 1689 the French army of Louis XIV. took the town, and ordered all the citizens to start for Alsace, Lorraine, or Burgundy, within six days. The French provost-marshal and forty executioners then entered the town, laid and lighted trains of combustibles, and set the forty-seven streets of Spire in a blaze. Miners also blew up the walls, fountains, and convents, dismantled the cathedral, and burst open the graves of the emperors. The cruel conflagration lasted three days and three nights. In 1794 Custine and his troops, after six assaults, took the town by storm, and repeated the cruelty of his predecessors. Before the siege of 1689 Spire boasted thirteen gates and sixty-four towers defended by artillery.

Nor would any summary of battles fought upon the Rhine be complete without a mention of beautiful Heidelberg, from whose walls the great river can be seen by glittering glimpses. This fair town, the capital of the electors-palatine, has been five times bombarded, twice burned, and three times sacked. In the Thirty Years' War red-handed Tilly, after a month's bombardment, gave it up to three days' pillage. The imperialists held it for eleven years; and then came the Swedes with fresh extortions. In 1688 Meluc, a French general, sterner even than Turenne, and more savage than Tilly, burned the town, slew all the Protestants, and committed a thousand excesses.

But there is scarcely a ruin on the Rhine but is the work of French or Swedish hands, and our space only allows us to touch on a few points of Rhenish history.

From the heights above Caub, near Oberwesel, Blucher's soldiers, about to cross the Rhine (New-Year's night, 1814), seeing the river open before them, fell on their knees (like Xenophon's men at the sight of the sea), and shouted with one heart and voice, "The Rhine! the Rhine!" That old love for the river still continues warm in the centre of every German heart. No foe must touch the Rhine—no enemy must plant a flag upon its banks. It is pure and free, and so it must remain. That is the chief article in the creed of united Germany, and every victory the Prussians win over the French is a stronger argument that the inviolable creed it will remain.

"Flow on, fair Rhine—flow free and proud,
Or come the sun or come the cloud;
If for a time thou redder gleam,
Purer hereafter runs thy stream."

THE USE AND ABUSE OF THE ADJECTIVE.

"AN adjective is known by its making sense with the word *thing*," was an oft and forcible pedagogical precept during our youthful struggles to acquire the mysteries of the English language as expounded by Lindley Murray; and this simple formula, with the emphatic addition of a smart cuff on the ear, enabled us then to recover some of our *faux pas* in tripping through a sentence. This judicious formula, so convenient then, would be no less so at all periods. "To make sense with the word *thing*," if borne in mind, would be an effectual safeguard against the perverted and incongruous use of adjectives, which are so frequently found to have little or no sense with the object they describe.

Thus I propose to enter the lists as the unworthy champion of the fairest damsels in the English language. I speak of them in the gender, because the one end and aim of their existence is matrimonial. They exist not *per se*; for, until they are married to some sturdy noun, they are nonentities. I shall devote myself to the benevolent task of rescuing these peerless ladies from the hands of ogres who torture, harpidians who overwork, and cruel guardians who incongruously wed them—marrying the young to the old and ugly, the stately and proud to the mean and despicable. In cases where I find some fair vestal wedded to a greasy churl—as in the instances of a "beautiful" round of beef, or a "splendid" mutton-chop—I shall decree a divorce *a mens et thoro*. I shall order, if not a judicial, at least a judicious separation between "frightful" murders, which inspire not fright but horror; "terrible" catastrophes, which inspire not terror but awe, and "fearful" cases of destitution, which inspire not fear but indignation and pity. I shall put an end, moreover, to all unions in which sisters are wedded to the same noun. Polygamous marriages are permissible, for language came from the East, bringing Eastern customs with it. But polygamous marriages are not permissible where there is blood-relationship between the wives. Yet we read of thefts which are not only "bold" but "daring," of accidents which are not only "fatal" but "serious," of faces which are not only "ill-looking" but have a "sinister expression," and of poverty-stricken prisoners who are not only "cadaverous" but "thin" and "pale," and even "emaciated" into the bargain—whereby we are favored with a glimpse of that strangely-redundant being who sometimes figures in our police reports, as a "pale, thin, cadaverous-looking individual who wore a very emaciated appearance."

Having glanced at some of the abuses to which this luckless part of speech is liable, let us now turn to its uses, for in that way we may learn enough of its nature to avoid ill-treating it in future. First, as to its nature. The purpose of language, as we all know, is to transfer ideas from mind to mind. Ideas are mental pictures—it may be of outward objects, it may be of conceptions conjured up in the mind itself. Let us, for the sake of simplicity, confine ourselves to those ideas which are projected upon the mind by outward objects. Now, all outward objects have names—are expressed in language by nouns.

If, strolling on a croquet-ground, I see a ball, I transfer the idea thus photographed upon my mind to that of another by the noun "ball." But a ball, like all other objects, does not merely exist; it has modes or manners of existing. It may be in motion or at rest, in which case we add to the noun a verb, saying the ball is "standing" or "rolling." Motion, again, has its modes or manners. The ball may be rolling "swiftly," or "slowly," or "crookedly;" in which case we add an adverb. But, putting aside all question of action and passion, of doing or being done to, let us look upon the ball as an object simply.

Even lying at rest it has its modes or manners of being; and here we bring in our adjective. The modes of a ball, as of all other objects, may be divided into two classes: *essential* or *accidental*. The *essential* mode of a ball is that it shall be round; if it is not round, it is not a ball. But, being round, it may be either made of wood or ivory, it may be red, or green, or blue, it may be polished or unpolished. All these are its *accidental* modes—modes, that is, not *essential* to its existence as a ball—and, if we want to express these, we have to call in the aid of an adjective. So that we come to this: that, while a noun describes an object in its *essential* mode, a conjoined adjective describes it in its *accidental* modes, expressing in point of fact some special characteristic which is not included in the noun, or name. We may therefore speak of a "hard" ball, and a "round" flint, because

hardness is not included in the noun ball, nor roundness in the noun flint. But we may not speak of a "round" ball and a "hard" flint, because roundness is included in the noun ball, and hardness in the noun flint. Least of all, are we to use adjectives for which there is no corresponding characteristic mode in the object sought to be described. So that we are entirely debarred from speaking of "beautiful" rounds of beef, and of "splendid" mutton-chops, because "beauty" is not a characteristic of beef, nor "splendor" of mutton-chops.

We have now, if I have made myself clear, got at the nature of adjectives. Let us look next at their capabilities. In their primary use they assist nouns in the description of objects. But they are capable of doing more than this; they may be so used as to give character and color, not to nouns alone, but to whole word-pictures. They may be made the foliage of the otherwise bare trees of literature, the rills among its mountains, the flowers that nestle among its undergrowth. For proof thereof, listen:

"Now fades the landscape on the sight,
And all the air a stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his flight,
And tinklings lull the distant folds."

This is not the stanza as Gray wrote it; I have deprived it of four of its adjectives. See what it grows into when these are added:

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."

The adjective "glimmering" has thrown twilight upon the picture; the adjective "solemn" has subdued its gayety; while the adjectives "droning" and "drowsy" almost lull one into pleasing lumber.

There is a certain power in adjectives, too, which may be called their noun-power—a power, that is, which not only gives tone and color to the picture, but adds distinct ideas to it. Gray, for instance—I take him again, having the book in my hand—sings to us of

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn."

Neither "breezy" nor "incense-breathing" are adjectives which it is absolutely necessary to use. They can scarcely be said to express other than very remote characteristics of the objects which they describe. Yet see what they add to the picture. They introduce both the breeze and the perfume of the flowers with all the effect of nouns. See, again, how good old Bishop Hall takes advantage of this noun-power of the adjective. "How sweetly," he says, "doth music sound in the night season! In the daytime it would not, could not, so much affect the ear; all harmonious sounds are advanced by a *silent* darkness." Here, as we see, the adjective "silent" does not merely qualify the noun "darkness;" it adds to darkness silence—adds, in fact, another noun.

Another subtle power which the adjective possesses is that of giving a glimpse of something exceedingly beautiful, entirely apart from the picture it is employed in painting. We have an example in Milton, where he speaks of philosophy as being "a perpetual feast of *nectared* sweets;" what would otherwise be an ordinary picture is at once suffused with a godlike glow from Olympus, and made luxurious with reminiscences of the dimpled smiles of Hebe.

But, to pursue this part of the subject no further let us turn from the nature and characteristics to the employment of the adjective—the proper method of using it in composition. It is very difficult to lay down rules in such a matter; for the use of adjectives, as we have seen, depends very much upon the *purpose* we have in employing them. Take the noun violet for instance. We all understand what that means, and there seems to be no need of an adjective. Nor is there, if we are speaking of a violet without relation to any other object or influence. So, when Shakespeare is speaking of the different kinds of flowers that grow in the hedgerows, he uses the noun simply; but when he is describing the effects of a breeze playing across a flowery bank, he speaks of the "nodding" violet; when describing a posy of mingled colors, he speaks of the "blue" violet; when describing the sweet odors of the morn, he speaks of the "perfumed" violet. While, therefore, as a general rule it is improper to describe by an adjective that which is already included in the noun, exquisite effects may sometimes be produced by pursuing the opposite course, as in this instance from "Love's Labour's Lost":

"Daisies *pled*, and violets *blue*,
And lady-smocks all *silver-white*,
And cuckoo-buds of *yellow hue*,
Do paint the meadows with delight."

Or in this, from "Midsummer-Night's Dream":

"You *spotted* snakes with *double* tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Queen,
Weaving spiders come not here;
Hence, you *long-legged* spinners, hence,
Beetles *Nack*, approach not near;
Worm nor snail do no offence."

But in neither of these cases was it the poet's intention to limit himself to a description of the objects introduced. His purpose was to paint a given kind of pictures for the mind; and he does so by introducing in brilliant confusion a number of dissimilar objects, whose differential characteristics he hits off with pre-Raphaelite accuracy.

But, while adjectives may be thus redundantly used for special kinds of word-painting, they are by no means to be so used in ordinary word-painting. Here the object is terseness—a crowding together of the images in as small a space as is compatible with clearness. For word-pictures stand at this disadvantage when compared with painted pictures: the one, that is the word-picture, must be built up before the mind piece by piece; the other flashes upon the sight all at once. The building-up, then, should as a rule be done quickly; and, to be done quickly, as few words as possible should be used. Nouns, therefore, which include the characteristics of their correspondent objects, should be always chosen in preference to those which require adjectives.

In the judicious use of epithets may be discovered the secret power and pointiness of some of the finest writing in the language, just as in their too copious and free use may be traced the dribbling style, and want of effectiveness, of a great deal of what passes for pompous and sensuous style. If epithets are needed to bring out the sense, it is a proof that the nouns they qualify are wanting in definitiveness. If they are not needed to bring out the sense, but are added to express more fully what is stated in the context, or is so implied as to be immediately deducible from it, the style is loaded with verbiage and the mental activity of the reader is repressed.

It is generally thought that poetry admits, and even requires, greater license in this respect than prose. And this is true. But even in poetry epithets that add nothing to the completeness of the picture detract from its impressiveness.

That there may be the sublimest poetry with few epithets may be shown from the study of the "Inferno" of Dante, or from the "Samson Agonistes" and "Paradise Regained" of Milton; and, to conclude with one selection from Shakespeare, it may be shown how admirable descriptive language may be without a too free use of adjectives:

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact;
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—
That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt;
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

My object in giving these final extracts is to show that, while adjectives used redundantly may, in certain cases, beautify the composition, equally adequate description is to be obtained by the skilful use of nouns which do not require adjectives.

And my concluding deduction is this: that in commencing a composition the writer should first ask himself the purpose of it. Having ascertained that, he should use his adjectives accordingly. If he desire to suggest more than he has room to say, let him make use of such adjectives as are capable of being endued with the noun-power. If he desire to throw an external light upon his picture, let him edge in an adjective or two which will awaken in the reader a passing memory of some other scene, or land, or age. But if his object be faithful, terse, vivid, powerful description, let him avoid adjectives as he would physic, using them only when there is absolutely no help for it. Let him search diligently for nouns that express his meaning without extraneous aid.

TABLE-TALK.

THE London *Saturday Review* has discussed the social mode of salutation known as shaking hands, and asks whether some other method more convenient than this cannot be invented. The *Review* does not propose the Polynesian fashion of rubbing noses, nor the Continental style of embracing, but it is earnest in asserting that at all times promiscuous shaking of hands is very embarrassing, and in extreme warm weather it becomes something worse. If Englishmen may complain of the excess of hand-shaking, what may not Americans utter, with whom this salutation is more persistently, more vigorously, and more embarrassingly carried out than with any other people—who have a warmer climate and wear gloves less ordinarily than the English, and who, if gloved, always uncover the hand, under the impression that moist, perspiring flesh is more agreeable than protecting kid! Really, hand-shaking has become one of our social burdens, not merely because it is frequently embarrassing, but because it is often simply disgusting. It is rendered awkward by the clumsy method many people have of shaking hands—the coolness of some, the excessive energy of others, the hesitation of many, while often the mere occasion makes it embarrassing. Who has not sometimes found himself in the terrible situation of having a dozen people to shake hands with, and before half-finished awaking to the awkwardness and absurdity of the performance? Who has not suddenly discovered that the hand he supposed was extended to him was not extended, and in his efforts to grasp it is met with a passive inaction, which leaves him wildly uncertain what to do with the object he has seized? "Who," says the *Review*, "has not found himself in some such situation as the following? He is carrying a book in one hand, and a walking-stick in the other, when he suddenly meets a lady of his acquaintance. By a rapid effort he transfers the stick into the left hand with the book, and with the right hand takes off his hat. Whereupon she offers him her hand for a shake. What is he to do? To choose the moment when a lady is offering him her hand to put on his hat has a most ungracious air. To transfer the hat to the left hand is a physical impossibility. To drop the hat on the ground would seem theatrical, and benefit no one. The situation is simply insoluble." Of the disagreeable methods of hand-shaking, the *Review* tells us of the *tipper*, who give you two fingers; of the *fingerters*, who finger your hand with their five digits; of the *flappers*, who give the hand in a limp, flappy manner, as a Newfoundland dog gives its paw; of the *thrusters*, who seize your hand, and then suddenly thrust it from them; of the *squeezers*, who press your hand in a tormenting vice; of the *clingers*, who, having once possession of your hand, refuse to let it go, but "use it as they would your button-hole, or as the Ancient Mariner used his glittering eye, to compel you to hear all they have to say, giving it at intervals little pressures, motions, or vibrations, as a running accompaniment to their twaddle." These are

only general classifications by the *Review* writer; every one can probably add some new variety to the list. The most tormenting hand-shakers, in our experience, are those who, in addition to a violent squeeze, give their arm a sudden, spasmodic jerk, which threatens the dislocation of your limb. We have known hand-shakers of this character whose approach has been a signal for us to dart across the street, intent upon some object in an opposite shop-window, or, if this were impracticable, to hide away our hands resolutely in our pockets, and try to be so intently gazing at something else as to escape the always-thrust-out member. But the latter plan rarely succeeds. These violent hand-shakers take such diabolical delight in inflicting the torture, that they capture a reluctant hand with intensified zeal, and bestow a double grasp of appreciation. The *Saturday Review* thinks we might reserve this hand-shaking for our near relations and dearest friends. But this would be impracticable. We should never know where to draw the line. The only way to escape the torture of hand-shaking is to practise total abstinence. And yet this would deprive us sometimes of keen pleasure; for who has not felt a thrill of delight when the soft, gentle hand of some fair woman has touched his? We might limit hand-shaking to salutations between the sexes; but this would be most unfair—it would give to men all the pleasure and to women all the horrors of the practice. We once knew a Western school-master who taught his pupils how to bow, how to introduce each other, how to receive and dismiss guests. He might with propriety have added hand-shaking to his curriculum. If our public-school managers would take a hint from our Western pedagogue, hand-shaking in the next generation would fall into some sort of methodized practice, and hence lose at least a moiety of its unpleasantness.

— There have been a good many attempts in New York at different times to erect monuments to distinguished people by means of popular subscriptions, but now for the first time has any of these projects come to successful issue. The colossal Lincoln statue just erected in this city is the result of a project commenced shortly after Lincoln's death, the subscriptions to which have been made by dollar contributions. The projected Washington monument, for which so much money was raised many years ago, still remains in abeyance, and the funds procured for it have probably disappeared altogether. The Lincoln statue is of bronze, eleven feet in height, standing on a granite pedestal twenty-two feet high. It is erected on Union Square, at the opposite angle from that occupied by the Washington equestrian statue. The execution appears to us, as a whole, excellent; the likeness is good, the pose natural, the proportions impressive. We could wish now to see the other angles of Union Square filled with similar memorials to some of our great men. Admiral Farragut, just dead, who stands confessedly at the head of our list of naval heroes, should have a statue in a city so identified as New York is with the marine. Farragut's achievements in the late war were among the most brilliant of the struggle, and

it has been the old hero's fortune to have excited nothing but admiration even in the cities that he conquered. The Lincoln monument was erected under the direction of the Union League Club, and the successful completion of the statue is evidence that the same gentlemen who have had this in charge are the persons to whom can be safely intrusted the plan of a similar memorial of Farragut. The Lincoln statue is from the hands of Mr. Henry Kirke Brown, who is also the sculptor of the Washington equestrian group in the same square. A correspondent who recently visited Mr. Brown, at his studio in Newburg, in this State, writes to us as follows: "A recently-made visit to the beautiful suburbs of Newburg, New York, brought us in contact with Mr. Brown, the celebrated sculptor. About fifteen years ago this distinguished artist moved from the heights of Brooklyn to the picturesque banks of the Hudson. It is needless to say that, with his taste and opportunity, he has made his house and grounds all that refined taste and abundant means can accomplish. We particularly desire, however, to speak of the works of art of national importance now under his hands. The full-length of Lincoln, paid for by one-dollar subscriptions, under the supervision of the members of the Union League Club, is now completed. The bronze statue has just been received from Philadelphia, and is ready for erection the moment the pedestal is ready. Mr. Brown is at present at work on his equestrian statue of General Scott. For more than four years he has been laboring almost uninterruptedly on the horse, and we think it will prove the greatest triumph of the kind in modern art. The model is an exact copy of the Lexington stock, made with the most minute fidelity, and yet with great spirit, from one of the best living specimens ever raised on the 'Alexander farm.' This bronze horse when erected on its pedestal will be nine and one-half feet from the forefeet to its shoulders, and about twelve feet to the ears. With General Scott astride, the group will be over sixteen feet high. The expression of the whole will be the embodiment of earnest repose, such as would inspire horse and rider at the moment when the fate of the battle pending is in a balance—the moment when theatrical display is nonsense—and we think the artist's earnest conception is thoroughly embodied, and will be appreciated by most careless observers as by the closest student of art. This promised great work is for Washington City. We are thankful that something truly admirable in the sculptor's art is soon to be seen at the national capital. The public will be interested in learning from an authority as good as Mr. Brown, that we have facilities in this country for casting works of art in bronze equal to any in Europe."

— In one particular the human family seems to reverse the order of Nature as manifested in all other creatures. We say *seems*, because a little analysis of the anomaly will show that, what at first sight appears a contradiction of a principle, is at foundation a confirmation of it. We refer to the fact that, while in Nature it is the male who is always more highly adorned than the female, in our human so-

ciety the man garbs himself in grays and blacks, while the woman comes forth splendid in colors. The reader has only to recall a few instances from the animal world to see how completely this apparently changes the law of Nature. The barn-yard cock struts in brilliant crest and feathers, while the hen, in far more quiet tints, moves about demure, simple, modest, content to act its little domestic part, and leave pomp and beauty to its master. The peacock's beauty and vanity are notorious; and how marked they are beside the quiet, gray peahen! The marvellous plumage of the bird of paradise adorns the male alone; the stag tosses his superb antlers proudly in the air, while the doe stands modest and shrinking at his side; the majestic mane of the lion belongs only to the masculine sex. It is not necessary to quote other instances than these, as the reader's recollection will readily supply them. In some cases the difference between the male and the female is very slight, but, wherever there is a difference, it is invariably, we believe, in favor of the male. In man the beard supplies the distinction seen in almost every other species. Now, this being the law of Nature, how is it that, in the human race, all this adornment and splendor have been transferred to the female? How is it that art has been permitted to step in, and seemingly to reverse a principle of creation? We may find an answer to these questions by ascertaining the motive in Nature for its partial distribution of favors. The distinction pointed out has arisen, according to Darwin, from the admiration of the female animal for beauty of color and splendor of form. The female bird, for instance, usually so gray and quiet of feather, so modest and simple in its own demeanor, is delighted with the bright crests and brilliant plumes of its male attendants, and selects for its mate among its admirers him of the gayest feather. While the male is the most brilliantly adorned, it is the female, note, for whom this adornment exists—it is the female whose eye is pleased, whose instincts are gratified in the beauty of its mate. With some birds, such as the rock-thrush of Guiana and birds of paradise, the birds congregate, and successive males will display their plumage before the females, which, standing by as spectators, eventually choose the most attractive partner. The reader will now perceive how our argument naturally leads to the explanation of the apparent anomaly we began by pointing out. Our women, who adorn themselves in such splendid robes, who exhibit such an appreciation of color and ornament and beauty, are simply transferring to their own persons those qualities for which they primarily have an intense admiration, but which in Nature are displayed for the delight of females on individuals of the opposite sex. It is something of a usurpation on their part, it must be confessed, this decking themselves for their own admiration, but men have, very generally, cheerfully surrendered to them this privilege. Perhaps women will say that, as men have ceased to be handsome and brilliant, their natural tastes must have some sort of vent; that, not having a chance to admire the picturesque in men, they must produce it in themselves for them-

selves. Not denying this, we still hope the ladies who denounce our sex so much, who complain of our tyranny, our oppression, our selfishness, will concede that in this thing, at least, we have gracefully yielded to them one of our natural prerogatives.

Literary Notes.

M. ALFRED RAMBAUD has published in Paris a new work entitled "Constantine VII. Porphyrogenete, or the Greek Empire in the Tenth Century," the principal events of which period are narrated with great concision and elegance. He endeavors to prove that the Byzantine Empire, in its declining days, has been too severely judged, and that a sufficient allowance has not been made for the difficulties arising from its position between the Germans of the West and the Turks of the East. Historians generally agree in merciless exposures of the vices of the Byzantine Empire without showing the slightest consideration to the virtues which enabled it to survive the Western Roman Empire for more than a thousand years.

Dickens's works have been translated into the Russian language, and the young folks sit up till dark and rise at daylight to read them. The result is, that some of the girls haven't been abed for two months, because on June 21st a person in St. Petersburg could see to read by daylight all night long. Even at this time of the year it is broad daylight in that city at two o'clock in the morning. "David Copperfield" and "Nicholas Nickleby" have played the mischief.

The first printed book was a copy of the Bible, containing twelve hundred and eighty-two pages, in two volumes. Of the eighteen copies now known, four are on parchment. Two of these are in England (one in the Greenville collection), one is in the Royal Library at Berlin, and one in Paris. Of the fourteen remaining specimens, ten are in England, three in the libraries of Oxford, Edinburgh, and London. A parchment copy is worth \$1,500 gold.

Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife," has been published in separate volume form in Canada, where it has had a very large sale. This is the first issue of an English copyright book under the new Canadian law by which the introduction of American copies is interdicted, in cases where there is a Canada edition issued, thus opening a new field to English writers and publishers in an English colony.

The late John P. Kennedy appointed in his will E. C. Winthrop, H. T. Tuckerman, and Josiah Remington, to the editorial revision of his correspondence and reminiscences; the manuscript volumes are to be boxed up and stored in the Peabody Institute, at Baltimore, until 1900, when they are to be taken out and presented to the institute.

A Hartford firm have in process of publication a work by Professor A. J. Schem, formerly foreign editor of the *Tribune*, on "The French and German War of 1870: its Causes, Resources of the Two Countries, Military and Naval Officers," etc.

Mr. Frank Lee Benedict, of Pennsylvania, is said to be the author of "My Daughter Eleanor," and "Miss Von Kortland," the two recent successful novels of American life.

A volume of essays by Professor Seeley,

collected from magazines, is to be published in the autumn, when Professor Seeley's lectures on Roman history will also appear.

Mr. Kelly, the Dublin publisher, is preparing an extensive catalogue of works on Irish history and literature, which is to appear in October.

Mr. J. B. Waring is engaged on a work illustrative of the "Stone Monuments, Tumuli, and Ornaments of Remote Ages."

The secretary of the American legation at Paris, Mr. F. Moore, is engaged on a memoir of the late Mr. Burlingame.

According to German authority, the first daily in the world was the *Frankfort Journal*, which was founded by Wenolf Emmel, in 1615.

The next volume of the "Ancient Classics for English Readers" will be "Horace," by Mr. Theodore Martin.

The first book of the *Iliad* has been translated into modern Greek verse by M. A. Kristopoulos.

The Rev. George Gilfillan is engaged on a new "Life of Sir Walter Scott."

Scientific Notes.

THE death is announced of Baron Charles Hugel, well known as a scientific explorer and a cultivated man of letters. He was born 25th April, 1796, and, after completing his education at Heidelberg, was for some time engaged in the wars in the early part of this century between Prussia and France, and in 1814 he took part in the triumphal entry into Paris. In 1824 he relinquished military pursuits, and, returning to Vienna, entered with great earnestness into the study of natural science, for which he had always shown a decided taste. For many years he studied assiduously, preparing himself for an expedition he had planned round the world. In 1831, on the 2d of May, he set sail from Toulon, and was away six years. His ship was fitted out with every appliance for a scientific voyage, and in all the various localities he visited in Asia, Africa, and the then unknown field of Australia, he amassed large and valuable collections. These were, on his return, purchased by the Austrian Government, and to them the Vienna Museum owes its great importance, especially in the botanical treasures he had so lavishly accumulated. The materials he brought back with him, and the abundant notes he had taken, were utilized in several elaborate scientific publications, such as Endlicher's "Plants of the Swan River District (Australia)," and Hecke's "Fishes of Cashmere." The baron also delivered two learned and interesting addresses to the meeting of German naturalists in 1838 and 1843; and, besides these, he sent many valuable scientific papers, especially on botany, to the Vienna scientific publications. He is also the author of two works in German, "The Basin of Cabul" (Vienna, 1851), and "Cashmere and the Empire of the Sikhs" (Stuttgart, 1840). For many years he continued to take a very active part in all the scientific progress of his native country and of Italy. At the time of his death, in his seventy-fifth year, he was Austrian minister at Brussels.

M. Guattari, of Naples, has invented a new atmospheric telegraph, which consists in the arrangement and combination of a set of apparatus by which ordinary air, compressed and

passed through a tube, is utilized as a means of communication from one point to another, and fulfils the same functions as the electric telegraph. The principal part of the apparatus consists in a reservoir or air receptacle, compressed to the degree wanted, according to the initial speed which the operator may desire to communicate to the air. A double-acting pressure-pump may be used to charge the receptacle and maintain the pressure at the proper degree. The receptacle communicates, by a tube, with a printing apparatus, similar in form to that used for the electric telegraph, while the tube is furnished with a turn-cock, by means of which more or less strength may be given to the current of air, which sets in motion the writing apparatus, or mechanism. The Royal Institution of Science at Naples has awarded a gold medal to M. Guattari for his useful invention, which promises to become of public utility. The system of impulsion and repulsion is obtained by a marine apparatus, which may be used with five derivations or different branches, enabling dispatches to be forwarded to so many stations at the same time.

The Dutch Society of Sciences, of Haarlem, instituted last year, in addition to its ordinary prizes, two large gold medals, each of the value of five hundred florins, one of which bears the name and effigy of Huyghens, the other of Boerhaave. These medals are to be awarded alternately, once in two years, to the *arant*, Dutch or foreigner, who shall have contributed the most, during the previous twenty years, to the progress of one particular branch of mathematical physics or of natural science. The Huyghens medal is to be devoted in 1874 to chemistry, in 1878 to astronomy, in 1882 to meteorology, in 1886 to mathematics, pure and applied. The Boerhaave medal is to be granted in 1879 to mineralogy and geology, in 1876 to botany, in 1882 to zoology, in 1884 to physiology, in 1888 to anthropology. The series will then recur. At their recent annual meeting the society made the first award of the Huyghens medal to M. Clausius, for his discoveries in thermo-dynamics.

Peter Carmichael recently read a paper on steam-boilers before the Scotch Institution of Engineers, in the course of which he mentioned that it had been found that "all qualities of iron get hard and brittle after the boilers have been at work more than a dozen years, more especially where exposed to the action of the fire; and that, in the furnace, even Low-moor iron becomes as brittle as common iron in that time, and great care has to be taken in making repairs to prevent the plates from cracking. For this reason sixteen or seventeen years are long enough for a boiler to be in use, at a pressure of forty or forty-five pounds. If used longer, the pressure ought to be lowered." Two boilers, which had been in use nineteen years, and which required repairs, were found by Mr. Carmichael so brittle that the rivet-heads on the outside flew off when the inside heads were struck, showing that the rivets had deteriorated as much as the plates.

A remarkable water-spout burst in the Channel between England and France, nearly opposite Calais, on the evening of the 20th of August, between six and seven. The water-spout descended from a heavy thunder-cloud, in the form of two pillar-like projections, each of which lasted about a quarter of an hour. The immense masses of water that fell into the sea made so much commotion that the foam rose to the height of a hundred feet above the point of contact of the two water-spouts. The height of the projection from the thunder-

cloud to the sea was estimated at no less than six thousand feet. Had any unfortunate vessel been subjected to such a deluge of water, it would have inevitably been swamped. The sky in nearly every direction, on the bursting of the water-spout, was free from clouds, while the air at the same time was perfectly calm.

A new method for heating first-class railway carriages has been adopted in Bavaria. A special ventilator, combined with a powerful heating apparatus, is attached to the train, the hot air being distributed through the carriages by means of india-rubber pipes. The result of the experiments made was so favorable, that the railway authorities have decided upon applying this system to all their carriages, so that it will soon be in general use throughout Germany.

The existence of a small quantity of albumen is best demonstrated by the use of phenic acid. Phenic acid reveals the existence of albumen in fifteen thousand times its volume in water, while nitric acid produces the same result in eight thousand times its volume in water.

A new mineral, named nadorite, discovered in the province of Constantine, Algeria, has been analyzed by M. Pisani. Its chief constituents are the oxides of lead and antimony. It also yields a small quantity of chlorine.

Miscellany.

General Changarnier.

THE French papers have narrated the meeting of Changarnier with the Emperor Napoleon, and few can help being touched by the description of the old general of seventy-eight years of age tendering his advice and his sword, when his country is in danger, to the man whom politically and privately he must hitherto have viewed with intense dislike. Changarnier was one of the officers of the old Algerian army; he had seen the French eagles pushed forward from the sea-coast to the oases of the Sahara; he had served as a comrade of the princes of the house of Orleans, and with Lamoricière and Cavaignac had won his fame in the campaigns against Abd-el-Kader. It is curious and instructive to look back on the early life of so excellent an officer, and to notice how the qualities which he displayed when in high command were equally remarkable when in charge of small bodies of troops.

It was in 1835, thirty-five years ago, when Abd-el-Kader was yet only the chief of a few Arab tribes, that Changarnier took part in the expedition against Mascara. The French arms had been successful; but, unprovided with the requisite supplies, the troops were forced to retreat over a barren and mountainous country to Oran. Each soldier had been served out with rations for the march, holding a small sack of rice in reserve. Provisions failed, and recourse was had to the reserve supply; but the troops, young, unused to war, and thoughtless of the future, had squandered all their rations, including the bag of rice. One battalion only had preserved theirs intact, and this was the Second Léger, commanded by Captain Changarnier, who thus showed that he knew how to command men, and how to preserve discipline, under circumstances which test to the utmost the military qualities of soldiers.

Again, in 1836, when the French army under Marshal Clausel had failed in its attack on Constantine, when, pressed by the garrison

from the city, harassed by the Arab horsemen of the surrounding country, perishing from cold and hunger, the remnants of the expeditionary force were retreating toward Bone, Changarnier distinguished himself. He commanded the rear-guard, which had been thrown out in skirmishing order, and which was composed of the remnants (two hundred and fifty men) of the same Second Léger. The Arab horsemen had already charged them, and had sabred many, when Changarnier formed square. The Mohammedan cavalry, excited by the slaughter of the Christians, and holding in disdain so small a body, swooped down on them, looking for an easy conquest. Changarnier waited until they had approached within twenty-five yards of the face of the square, and then, calling to his men, said, "You see those fellows there; they are six thousand, we are two hundred and fifty, so the aides are about equal. Vive le roi! Fire!" The men fired steadily, the front of the faces of the square were strewn thickly with men and horses, dying and dead. The battalion collected its wounded, and, having given so severe a lesson to the enemy, pursued its retreat unmolested. After this action Changarnier's name stood high in the estimation of the Algerian army, and he rose by successive steps until, in 1848, he commanded the troops in Algeria.

Few of his old comrades now remain. Cavaignac died in 1857, Lamoricière in 1865. Montauban, Count de Palikao, still serves, although at present in a civil capacity, while the princes of the house of Orleans, whose names were equally known and respected in the old Algerian army, in vain solicit at this crisis of their country's fate permission to draw their swords in her defence, and again to cast in their lot with their comrades of former wars. Whatever may be the result of the present awful struggle, Changarnier's name will be respected throughout the French service, and his career will be quoted as an example of the gallantry and soldierly qualities of the old Algerian army.

Patriotic Songs of France.

The lasting popularity of the "Marsillaise," now nearly eighty years old, becomes more remarkable when we consider that, although the first song of the Revolution, it was immediately followed by a host of republican effusions, which competed with it for public favor. There were the "Chant de la Victoire," the "Chant du Retour," and the "Chanson de Roland," by Méhul; the "Chant du Juillet," the "Chant Martial," the "Hymne à l'Etre Suprême," the "Hymne à la Liberté," and "Peuple, reveille-toi," by Gossec. All these, the fruits of a general ferment, have died away, and the only lyrical work that, besides the "Marsillaise," has continued to live in the memory of the French is the "Chant du Départ," by Méhul. This was recently sung at one of the Parisian theatres; but, as it is a sort of cantata with solos and choruses arranged for different voices, it can never become a popular song in the ordinary sense of the word.

One forgotten melody of the old Revolution was revived shortly before the affair of February, when the "Histoire des Girondins," by M. de Lamartine, was the book of the day. Girey-Dupré, a journalist attached to the Girondists, and condemned to share their fate, composed, a few hours before his execution, a hymn, which long afterward responded to the state of feeling in 1847, and which, with a slight modification, became the "Chant des Girondins," better perhaps known as "Mourir pour la Patrie." M. Alexandre Dumas's

"Chevalier de la Maison Rouge," then a new piece, terminated with the supper of the Girondists, at which this song was appropriately introduced.

The lays of the first empire were generally of a warlike kind, or, to speak more correctly, the words were warlike, though often set to the most pacific music. Nothing, for instance, could be less martial than the air extracted from an opera by Grétry, which was made to fit "Veillons au salut de l'Empire." However, the first empire was by no means badly represented in the world of song by the "Partant pour la Syrie," which in the days of the Crimean War became the most popular tune in England and France; and by the "Sentinelle," of Choron, and the "Vaillant Troubadour," of Sauvan, both of which are to be found in the most common music-books.

The Restoration brought with it the revival of the two famed Bourbon melodies, "Vive Henri IV." and "Charmante Gabrielle." A pacific air by Grétry was made to do duty in honor of the restored régime; but this time the music was not diverted from its proper purpose. The words to which it was fitted, "Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?" rather celebrated the blessings of peace than the triumph of a dynasty.

The Revolution of 1830 had a song of its own, with which great names were connected, but which after a short popularity sank into utter oblivion. Casimir Delavigne, as the poet of the renowned "Marseillaises," was looked upon as the proper person to celebrate the deeds of July. As he had not even that uncultivated power of music which belonged to Bouget de Lisle, he fitted his words to a Hungarian air, which he had retained in his memory, and which was duly noted down and scored by Auber. Thus arose the "Parisienne," and to its non-national origin is attributed the short duration of its popularity.

Of late the patriotic songs of France have been the irrepressible "Marseillaise" and the "Rhin Allemand," which M. Alfred de Musset produced during the consumption of a single cigar, and to which music has been set by MM. Félicien David and Vaucorbell. A greater novelty, however, is "A la frontière," with music by M. Gounod, sung at the opera by M. Devoyed in the uniform of a Zouave.

Stature of the English.

The borderers on the English side, and, generally speaking, the agricultural inhabitants of the northern counties, are a tall race, like their Scottish neighbors. Lancashire seems to constitute an exception, the people being as low or lower than those of England "generally;" and this not only in the cotton region. Good stature prevails generally as far south as the Trent, or rather the Wash, for Lincolnshire comes within the category. The Trent once passed, the conditions alter. Tallness becomes exceptional, though found, among other tracts, in Leicestershire and Northamptonshire. Exception must also be made for parts of Norfolk and of Kent, secluded districts on the sea-coast, inhabited by local breeds of comparative giants. But Suffolk men are short, though rather heavy, after the model of their own celebrated breed of horses. The southern counties generally fall not only far below the north, but below the general national standard. It is very possible that this diminution of size may have been partly produced by the constant drain—not recent, as in the north, but for a long course of centuries—of the choice specimens of the race toward the great metropolis, leaving those of inferior type in possession of the grounds. The men of Wales are, on the whole, short, but

"with a bulk more than proportionate;" average, a little over five feet six inches. In the southwest of England stature is low, until Cornwall is reached. There, all at once, we seem to strike on a new type of men; a tall and big-boned race, average five feet seven and a quarter inches; "and even this standard is clearly exceeded by the people of Scilly, whose proportions certainly give the lie to the current notion that men and quadrupeds must degenerate in small islands." We should rather say that this remarkable instance is of importance in disproof of the general doctrine, very hastily assumed for the most part, that "breeding in and in" tends necessarily to deteriorate the human race. Evidence on the subject varies; but, on the whole, it seems that remote and secluded tribes, in which intermarriage of relations must needs be frequent, are better gifted *au physique* than those more mixed. Such seems to be the result of Dr. Beddoes's observations as to some Highland districts; as to "Flegg," in the northermost part of Norfolk; as to the Isle of Romney; and especially as to Scilly, where any one who wants to marry at all must almost inevitably marry a cousin. The average height of Englishmen Dr. Beddoes fixes, not very confidently, at five feet six and a half inches. That of Irishmen is much the same; but (an odd singularity) they exhibit "greater uniformity of stature." As regards weight, he allots the Scotchman one hundred and fifty-five pounds; the Englishman one hundred and forty-five pounds; the Irishman one hundred and thirty-eight pounds; but owns that he is not satisfied with the sufficiency of his induction.

Song of the German Soldiers in Alsace.

In Alsace, over the Rhine,
There lives a brother of mine;

It grieves my soul to say
He hath forgot the day
We were one land and line.

"Dear brother, torn apart,
Is't true that changed thou art?
The French have clapped on thee
Red breeches, as we see;
Have they Frenchified thy heart?"

"Hark! that's the Prussian drum,
And it tells the time has come.
We have made one 'Germany,'
One 'Deutschland,' firm and free;
And our civil strifes are dumb.

"Thee also, fighting sore,
Ankle-deep in German gore,
We have won. Ah, brother dear!
Thou art German—dost thou hear?
They shall never part us more."

Who made this song of mine?
Two comrades by the Rhine;
A Swabian man began it,
And a Pomeranian sang it,
In Alsace, on the Rhine.

The House of Orleans.

Louis Philippe's eldest son, the accomplished and popular Duke of Orleans, was accidentally killed in 1842. The widow, a noble woman, brought up their two sons, Louis Philippe Albert, Count de Paris, born August 24, 1838, and Robert Philippe Louis Eugene Ferdinand, Duke de Chartres, born November 9, 1830, in the way their fathers trod, as friends of constitutional liberty. In the Assembly, on the eventful 24th of February, 1848, she was on the point of being proclaimed regent. She was present with her two sons, respectively ten and eight years old, when the famous unknown cried, "It is too late." The

die was cast, a republic was established, and she escaped to Germany, to devote the remainder of her life to the education of her two children. They are the two young men who volunteered in our late war and served a while as aides upon General McClellan's staff. The elder, the legal successor to Louis Philippe's throne, Louis Philippe Albert, Count de Paris, is thirty-one years old. They are accomplished gentlemen. Their private character is good; they are men of education, integrity, good sense, patriotism, and enormous wealth. The family has accumulated more money than Napoleon possibly could, even with all his advantages. Besides these two sons of the Duke of Orleans, the prominent representatives of the family are their uncles, the second, third, fourth and fifth sons of Louis Philippe. The second, the Duke de Nemours, fifty-five years old, saw service in Algeria. His son is son-in-law of the Emperor of Brazil, and marshal in the Brazilian army. Another son is captain of artillery in Spain. The third is the Prince de Joinville, fifty-one years old. He has a son in the service of Portugal, and his daughter married her cousin, the Duke de Chartres. The fourth is the Duke d'Aumale, forty-eight years old. The fifth is the Duke de Montpensier, late captain-general of the Spanish army and candidate for the Spanish throne. He married the sister of Queen Isabella of Spain, and his oldest daughter married her cousin, the Count de Paris.

Tobacco.

It would be unjust, considering all the abuse levelled at tobacco-smokers, and how often they are solemnly told that tobacco destroys all their energies, not to admit that the success of the Germans in the present war is rather a feather in the smoker's cap. These misguided men seem to live on tobacco; the uhlands, who in little parties of three or four trot gayly in advance and take possession of fortified towns, invariably carry pipes in their mouths. The mayor of each town is directed to find cigars for everybody before any thing else is done. The German troops, it is stated, think but little of a scarcity of provisions—they fight as well without their dinner as with it—but tobacco is indispensable to them. On the whole, we fear experience shows that a smoking army is capable of greater endurance and of making greater efforts than a non-smoking army. At a late meeting of the British Medical Association at Newcastle, Dr. John Murray presented a paper on "Snuff-taking, and its utility in preventing bronchitis and consumption," in which he remarks that an habitual smoker seldom or never died of consumption, and that the progress of consumption is frequently arrested by practising the habit of snuff-taking. Snuff-taking, it seems, is not only of great use in curing catarrh, but is an admirable expedient for preventing it altogether. If, "when on a journey, you experience a succession of chills, in due time you may expect an attack of bronchitis, an infiltration of pneumonic or tubercular plasma, or illness in some other form, each tending to reduce the powers of life, and, consequently, liable to set up consumption in those predisposed." Under these circumstances, Dr. Murray strongly recommends snuff to be taken in liberal pinches. Tobacco, in fact, is now strongly suspected by the medical profession to have been unjustly abused. The majority of doctors, Dr. Murray states, "when recovering from a common cold, will take snuff themselves to hasten their recovery."

Napoleon's Policy.

Napoleon III. is not a military genius, though a military scholar; and, aside from

this, his policy has been such as to demoralize the French service. He has, however, aspired to control every thing himself, to centre power and ability, such as there was, in himself. In this effort, he has sacrificed, one after the other, the best generals, the most conspicuous talent in the army. He was unwilling to tolerate the presence in the service of any officer whose genius or brilliancy would draw attention from himself. He wanted always tools, and never men of commanding abilities who represented themselves. Any manifestation of individuality was distasteful to him; and he seemed to prefer knavish and cunning mediocrity to independence coupled with never so much genius. Shorn thus of its brightest ornaments and best instructors, tutored by men who have been elevated for reasons personal to the emperor, the army has suffered, and in the art of war France has not begun to keep pace with Prussia.

Dickens's Library.

Upon Mr. Dickens's library-door, as on that of many a man of letters, are dummy books with burlesque titles; but none of them very funny or witty. Perhaps the best were certain volumes labelled "The History of the Middling Ages," and "Hansard's (Parliamentary Debates) Guide to Refreshing Sleep." But these are not half so rich as Hood's "Curse (e)ry Remarks on Swearing," "Lambe's Tails," and an "Able History of the Wanderings of Cane." At Gadshill Place were also to be seen dozens of Leech's wonderful little sketches from *Punch*, pasted upon screens, and affording to any one who looked at them infinite amusement, as well as a proof of the appreciation in which Dickens held that most graceful caricaturist.

Varieties.

SOME years ago there lived in an Eastern town an old man who had a propensity for stealing small and portable articles that came in his way. As he was poor and past labor, and well known about town, no further notice was taken of his peculiarities than to keep a sharp lookout when he was around. A dealer had a quantity of dry fish landed on the wharf at an hour too late to get them into his store, and, as he was about covering them with an old sail-cloth, he espied old Brown, apparently reconnoitring. Selecting a couple of the fish, he said: "Here, Brown, I must leave these fish out here to-night, and I will give you these two if you promise me that you will not steal any." "That is a fair offer, Mr. Allen, but—well—I don't know," with a glance at the offered fish, and then at the pile, "I think I can do better."

Napoleon III. has an extraordinary memory for names, figures, faces, and miscellaneous facts. A German professor, who was called to Paris in connection with the publication of the "Vie de César," relates that it was Napoleon's invariable habit, on having communicated to him a name or a number, or any brief fact which he wished to remember, to write it down in a note-book kept exclusively for this purpose, and which always lay upon his desk. After writing down the memorandum, he would tear the leaf out of the book, read it over once attentively, and then tear the leaf up. And he told the professor that after impressing a fact on his mind by this process he never forgot it.

When Congress sat in Philadelphia, a certain Senator from New England, who was not considered exactly the wisest man in the House, had a frequent custom of shaking his head when another was speaking. This gave offence to a member from Virginia, who complained publicly of the affront, whereupon a vagabond member assured the Senate that he had known the offender long, and that it was only an ill habit he had got into, for, though he would oftentimes shake his head, yet there was nothing in it.

In many parts of Europe it was believed that a candle made of the fat melted from the body of an infant, and placed in a dead man's hand, would make the carrier invisible and enable him to enter any house he chose. This talismanic candle was much in use by thieves. It was supposed that this superstition had long since vanished, but a recent trial in Russia shows that it still exists there, a thief having stole the body of a child to obtain the material for his candle.

A British livery-stable keeper presented the following bill for the use of a horse:

Anon.....	10s. 00d.
Atakynonymom.....	00 6

Tostolhofol.....10s. 6d.

"which he meant say" that his charge was for "a horse," and for "a taking of him home," the "total of all" being 10s. 6d.

In respect to population New Orleans is nearly stationary. Ten years ago she had a population of one hundred and sixty thousand. Now, with considerable territory added, she cannot show above one hundred and eighty thousand.

History, says the *Spectator*, seems to show that there is hardly any race, from the Maori to the Prussian or the Yankee, which will not make good military material, and which, under able leadership, would be incompetent to astonish the world by its military feats.

The following advice is from a New-York paper: "Press on, young man, though you be poor. We know a youth who, with only his two hands and a crow-bar, opened a jewelry-store, and he is now living in a fine stone residence in Sing Sing."

The man who married three sisters in succession excused himself for so doing on the ground that he got off with only one mother-in-law.

"Why is it, husband, that whenever we send for a pound of tea or coffee to the grocery man it falls several ounces short?" "Oh, it's just a weigh he has."

Mrs. Partington says she understands the pickle the emperor has got into, but she would like to know what this neutrality is that Victoria is trying to preserve.

It is said that when sewing-girls are allowed to laugh aloud, talk, and sing, they do more and better work than when silence is compelled.

The *Louisville Courier-Journal* says, woman, with all her beauty and worth, should remember that man was the chief matter considered at the creation. She was only a side issue.

Three cities in Ohio are running a close race in population. Columbus has 31,338, Dayton 31,366, and Toledo 31,693.

London is already troubled with impostors who pretend to have lost limbs in the recent battles.

The distinguished author of "Lines to a Waterfall," is said to be engaged now on "Lines to a Hairpin."

Two twin-brothers in Boston are said to be so much alike that they frequently borrow money of each other without knowing it.

The Postmaster-General of Berlin has left for Alsatia and Lorraine, to reorganize the service according to the Prussian system.

In the post-offices throughout Lorraine and Alsace the emperor's head on the stamps is already replaced by the Prussian eagle.

The gold-mines of California yield annually \$23,000,000, the quicksilver-mines \$1,500,000, and the coal-fields \$1,000,000.

The largest diamonds in the world belong to the Emperor of Russia.

Cameos are again coming into fashion, and are set with pearls and diamonds.

A liberal translation of "*Tempus fugit*" is "few get time."

Missouri has disclosed to the census-takers twenty-one thousand colonels.

Two St. Louis female teachers get two thousand dollars each.

A mathematical fallacy—that twenty juries will be found to contain only twenty foremen.

Queen Victoria subscribed five hundred pounds for the French wounded.

The horse is a curious feeder. He eats best when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.

The beer drunk in the United States in one year costs the drinkers twenty-one millions.

The prettiest girls in Utah generally marry Young.

The Museum.

THE double canoe used by the Feejee-islanders, of which we give an illustration, resembles in principles all the canoes of the Polynesian islands. Two boats are placed side by side in such a manner that one of them acts as the outrigger and the other as a canoe. The two canoes are covered over, and are connected by a platform which projects over the outer edges of both boats. Hatchways are cut through the platform, so as to enable the sailors to pass into the interior of the canoes. In the illustration a man is seen emerging from the hatch of the outer canoe. Upon this platform is erected a sort of deck-house for the principal person on board, and on the top of the deck-house is a platform, on which stands the captain of the vessel, so that he may give his orders from this elevated position, like the captain of a steamboat on the paddle-box, or bridge. The mode of managing the vessel is extremely ingenious. The short mast works on a pivot at the foot, and can be slacked over to either end of the vessel. When the canoe is about to get under way, the long yard is drawn up to the head of the mast, and the latter inclined, so that the mast, the yard, and the deck, form a triangle. The halyards are then made fast, and act as stays. When the vessel is wanted to go about, the mast is slacked off to the other end, so that the stern becomes the bow, the tack and the sheet change places, and away goes the vessel on the other course.

It will be seen that such a canoe sails equally well in either direction, and, therefore, that it can be steered from either end. The rudder is a very large oar, some twenty feet in length, of which the blade occupies eight, and is sixteen inches wide. The leverage of such an oar is tremendous, and, in a stiff gale, several men are required to work it. In order to relieve them in some degree, rudder-bands are used; but even with this assistance the men have great difficulty in keeping the canoe to her course, and are nearly sure to receive some very sharp blows in the side from the handle of the steering oar. Sometimes a sudden gust of wind, or a large wave, will bring round the rudder with such violence that the handle strikes a man in the side and kills him.

The mode of building the large war-canoes is very ingenious. The first process is to lay the keel, which is made of several pieces of wood carefully "scarfed" together; and upon it the planking is fixed, without requiring ribs, as in our boats. The most ingenious part of boat-building is the way that the planks are fastened, or rather tied together, without a vestige of the sinnet appearing on the outside. Along the inside edge of each plank runs a bold flange, through which a number of holes are bored downward at regular distances, so that when two planks are placed together the holes in the flanges exactly coincide, and a cord can be run through them.

When a plank has been made, and all the flange-holes bored, the edges are smeared with a sort of white pitch, upon which is laid a strip of fine mat. This, of course, covers the holes, which are reopened by means of a small fire-stick. The planks thus prepared are called "vones." When the vone is ready, it is lifted to its place, and very carefully adjusted, so that all the holes exactly coincide. The best and strongest sinnet is next passed eight or ten times through the hole, drawn as tight as possible, and then tied. It will be seen, therefore, that all the tying is done inside the vessel. In order to tighten the sinnet still more, a number of little wedges are inserted under it in different directions and are driven home with the mallet. By this process the planks are brought so tightly together that,

when the carpenter comes to smooth off the outside of the vessel with his adze, he often has to look very closely before he can see the line of junction. Caulking is therefore needless, white pitch and mat rendering the junction of the planks completely waterproof. The vones are, by no means equal in size, some

being twenty feet in length, while others are barely thirty inches, but all are connected in exactly the same manner.

The gunwales and other parts above the water-mark do not require so much care, and are fastened without flanges, a strip of wood or "bead" being laid upon the junction,

and the sinnet bands passing over and over it and drawn tight with wedges, and the holes carefully caulked with fibre and pitch. When the canoe is completed, it is beautifully finished off, the whole of the outside being first carefully trimmed with the adze, and then polished with pumice-stone, so that it looks as if it were made of one piece of wood. Ornament is freely used in the best canoes, especially in the two projecting ends, which are carved in patterns, and frequently inlaid with white shells.



Double Canoe of the Feejee-Islanders.

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NOTICE.

"RALPH THE HEIR," by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, is now publishing in APPLETONS' JOURNAL. It appears in *Supplements*, once a month, the first issued being with No. 43, and has been continued in supplements accompanying Nos. 46, 50, 54, 59, 63, 67, 72, and 76.

The Publishers give notice that they have, for some months, been gathering from various sections, by an artist specially dispatched for the purpose, material for a series of papers to be called "PICTURESQUE AMERICA," consisting of splendidly-executed views of the most unfamiliar and novel features of American scenery, accompanied with suitable letter-press. The first of these papers (A Journey up the St. John's and Ocklawaha Rivers, Florida) will shortly appear.

Subscribers will please notice that the figures at the right of their names, on the direction-label, indicate the number with which their subscription expires.



[Appleton's Journal, No. 89.]

"FAR NIENTE."

FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES LANDELLE.



[Appleton's Journal, No. 82.]

"PENSIEROSA."

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